

## All Good Devils Masquerade Under the Light

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# All Good Devils Masquerade Under the Light

by [kyoromii](#)

## Summary

Tommy just wants to make ends meet in the dystopian city streets of Manburg. Alongside his two best friends Tubbo and Ranboo.

Unbeknownst to him, a trio of vampires have already claimed him as their own, and a seemingly harmless stroll around the city may mark the end of life as he knows it.

or

Eternity raises no saints.

## Notes

Hey y'all! I have recently fallen into the brainrot that is vampire AUs and dark sbi so I pumped this out. I've got some stuff planned for this so I hope you guys stick around to see more!

(Also,, should I drop my discord or smn? idk if I should BHAHA- anw back to the story)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

# Chapter 1

Tommy skitters down the stone path of the city, streets empty aside from the two boys following beside him. The sun had quickly begun to set into the horizon, yet as darkness began to swallow the road, Tommy continued to smile.

He's laughing alongside Tubbo and Ranboo, dirty and bruised arms hanging around their necks as he shouts, carefree and bold. Even looking from the mansion window, Tommy glows from a distance. He shimmers like a light, a spitfire in all aspects, and in spite of his ratty exterior.

Don't get him wrong, all three boys were extremely disheveled, but Tommy is the most beaten up. His shirt is damp and covered in stains, pants torn and wrinkled. He sports a nasty bruise around his left eye, and the arm slung around Ranboo carries a hefty pouch.

Watching the three pass, he knows all too well that his injuries are not testaments of the boy's merit, rather they are scars of his devotion. He would fight and die for the two teens next to him, and it shows in the way he comes back more black and blue than the rest every time.

*Devotion is valuable, he notes.*

They seemed to always be on the run, even now, when the streets are nowhere near busy and there's no one awake to catch them. Petty thieves as they were, they never seemed to take a break, living on the edge. The trio just couldn't take the safe route. They're always gambling their lives for the thrill of it, something you could observe in this very moment, taking a shortcut past a foreboding manor back to the slums of the city. Although it's important to note Tommy's lead in all this. He was always the least meek of the three, and he never attempted to act otherwise. '*Danger is my middle name*' he would remark, giggling the whole time he says it.

He looks joyfully mischievous as they begin to pass, in a way that oozes with childlike naivete; laid back and breezy.

Unbeknownst to watching eyes, the blonde is a little less than such. They are too far to see the details of his expression, how his grin does not show all his teeth; how his grip tightens around the bag of silverware in his right hand. They are a little out of range to hear the nervousness in his laughter as they pass, compensating for a lack of confidence with volume.

The lanky teen can't help but feel like he's being watched, a shiver running up his spine as he tries to distract himself from the abandoned mansion they were passing. They had started cutting through the place after their weekly 'supply runs' when they realised its convenience.

The people in the area tended to avoid it, as there were a shit ton of rumors brewing around about. Supposed sightings of the big three vampires of the whole nation, or something like that.

The thought sent a chill throughout his whole body. Vampires were dangerous enough as is, but the *Sleepy Coven*? Downright nightmarish. He'd heard tales of how the Angel of Death and the Blood God could clear out cities without a single survivor, and Tommy had seen some of that prowess himself when he stumbled upon an absolute gorefest in an aristocratic town up north. He was half-sprinting at the time, loaves of bread tucked within his backpack after a successful solo run. He had turned a corner to escape into an alleyway and was faced with a grotesque sight. Corpses of unrecognizable people strewn across the floor, blood pooling in corners and dripping on the walls. He froze in his tracks, then, making eye contact with the Blood God himself, who had a poor soul bleeding out in his grasp.

The pink haired beast had lunged at him, and Tommy promptly chucked his bag full of bread at him before booking it. It was apparently enough of a distraction for him to get the hell out of there, and though he came home that day empty handed, his roommates were only grateful that he made it home at all.

Needless to say, that when Tubbo suggested they never steal from that village again, Tommy and Ranboo were too happy to agree.

Blood God and Angel of Death aside, there was still the prospect of The Siren. Scarily enough, they didn't know much about the particular vampire. He was a newer addition to the notorious coven, and has only been around for a few centuries. He was young, in comparison to his dino-fuck aged friends. All they knew about him is that he had the ability to manipulate humans with his voice, a thrall if you will. Said ability making him ever more elusive, since

he could easily erase memories of his appearance, and that's if you were lucky enough not to get killed first.

He's apparently one of the more gracious ones, being on the younger side and thus a little more humane. But the term gracious is pretty subjective, and while The Siren did leave survivors from time to time unlike the rest of his fucked up family, he was also known to screw with people in horrible ways. He was a trickster in all aspects of the word, and a manipulative twat. He enjoys pitting people against each other. He could force you to do about anything, and thus though his kill count wasn't as high as his counterparts, it's important to note that there *are* worse things than death.

So, considering that, they had every right to be afraid of said rumors. The idea of running into the three old fuckers was terrifying, but the mansion was always empty when they looked. It *was* eerie as fuck though. However, the three teens (mostly Tommy) agreed that a little eeriness was worth the discretion they got from escaping through here.

Besides, Wilbur, a wandering friend of theirs, assured them that the place was fully abandoned. The rumors were just that, rumors, and there was no one to fear because there was no one there. All the tales of The Sleepy Coven residing in the area could only be Urban Legends, Tommy berates himself, because *of course* it is! Vampires barely frequented the areas surrounding the slums anyways, much preferring to feed off the healthier middle class rather than a bunch of malnourished orphans and petty thieves. Why would the most powerful Vampire coven be in this dingy, run-down mansion when they had all the power and connections anyone could ask for? Nonetheless, he admits to himself that the place gives him the creeps, but that was a small price to pay when it meant surviving the slums of Manburg.

Tommy brings his arms off his friends' shoulders, the two discussing dinner in cheerful tones. The blonde, somewhat lost in his thoughts, hangs back ever so slightly. His steps slow as the familiar feeling of eyes on him rolls over him. Curiously, he looks behind him briefly, looking up at the mansion window above him.

There's a pause, because he swears he sees movement in one of the second floor windows. Unknowingly, he starts to walk closer to the grandeur home, but as he goes to take a step, Ranboo calls for him. He tells him that if he isn't faster, they'll force feed him shortbread, and with a shake of his own head he turns and continues to speed off.

Their footsteps and chatter fade away as they get farther, and a figure behind the glass pane, hidden in the shadows, smiles.

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The three thieves have relaxed into a brisk walk as they see their home in the near distance. Said house being a small attachment to a dilapidated inn. What used to be a moderately sized storage room was now a small home for the three of them.

The rest of the complex was mostly abandoned, aside from a select few residences. However, they still *legally* couldn't take any of the empty rooms, so they settled for the makeshift one they find themselves in today, furnished entirely out of shit they looted from the abandoned units. It had taken them three days to get all the other junk out of the room and in a nearby alleyway as a free for all, and it took them three more to move furniture in from other parts of the inn.

Even then, they didn't have much. The flat was still pretty small, so their furnishing was overall sparse. The three boys shared about everything, from a bed to a bathroom. It didn't help that they also had a significant lack of windows, since the place *was* just for storage, the trio settling for a bunch of old lamps and fairy lights. But they weren't complaining. Solid shelter for one kleptomaniac kid was a lot to ask for, let alone three. So you *could* say they lived humbly.

Tommy feels filthy when he enters the house, which is what hiding in a garbage can after fighting some rich bastards for their silverware might do to a guy. He dusts off his pants after placing the silverware pouch on the table, promptly falling back onto the couch in an exhausted heap.

"Holy *fuck* that was tiring. Ranboob, could you put the fuckin forks and shit away?" Tommy asks, groaning in a dramatic display of distress. He knows he should probably put his clothes in the wash, and take a much needed shower, but right now he just wanted to lay down, dirty couch be damned.

Ranboo is tapping the dirt out of his shoes into a trash bin when Tommy speaks, promptly flicking the tiny pebbles in his shoe at the blonde, who proceeds to curse as the tall boy

responds. "First of all—" He points an accusatory finger at Tommy, an exasperated laugh leaving his lips. "-stop calling me that. Second of all, sure!"

Ranboo is quick to heed to the request, picking up the silverware as he strides towards their makeshift kitchen, whistling some song about a woman with no eyes. The black and white haired boy cheerily organizes the spoons and forks, gingerly placing them into storage for future pawning. Looking at the bruised blonde they were all too willing to do him some favors, thankful for the amount of punches the youngest has taken for them. Even when some of those punches were self initiated.

Tommy is face first into the couch, muffling fake snores as the two others shuffle around the house. Tubbo curses loudly when he pulls off his shoes, frowning at his filthy pants and socks.

"Guyssss," He whines, walking on the heels of his feet into the living room. "Can I shower first? I feel gross" The teen remarks, holding his arms out and away from his body. He's promptly met with a grunt of approval from the couch ridden boy, and a short "sure, Tubbo!" from Ranboo.

Tubbo cheers, whooping on his way to the bathroom. "Oh! By the way, could you go take the trash out while I'm in here, Tommy?" He grins.

Tommy sighs, "Fineeee," he says, rolling off the couch before standing back up. "God, imagine a world without the great Tommyinnit. What would you all do then!" He exclaims.

Ranboo scoffs lightheartedly. "True liberation."

Tommy is already halfway out the door as he flips the taller boy off, laughing boisterously.

He turns away from the inside of the house, to the right of the alleyway their 'house' was found in. His eyes widen in pleasant surprise as he sees a familiar brunette at the far end of it, leaning against the wall with his hands in the pockets of a brown trenchcoat. Underneath the coat he's dressed in a black, crewneck t-shirt and some dark, fancy trousers. His black suit shoes are spick and span, and he dons a sparkling necklace around his neck, its pendant

hidden under his shirt. He looks expensive as usual, and Tommy feels underdressed even if it's for an abrupt meeting in the dark. Times like this he remembers how outclassed they are by the taller brunette, and vaguely wonders why he likes to hang around so much.

The man takes notice of him and waves, a cat-like grin gracing his lips. Tommy proceeds to open the front door again to tell his housemates that Wilbur is outside, and that he might take a bit to go and chat with the guy.

At their acknowledgement, the blonde briskly approaches the man with a matching grin, dropping the trash off on the way.

"Heya, Wil! What brings you here this time?" Tommy greets, dusting his hands off. The teen is startled when he's brought into a brief hug, where Wilbur smiles against his hair before letting go and stepping back.

Wil was always a little strange when it came to hugs. They always seemed eager but shorter than the brunette would've liked. He also seemed to hold back from pulling the teen in tighter, never making skin to skin contact. Tommy never understood the behavior, because he surely wouldn't mind if the guy wanted a longer hug, they were friends after all. In the end, he chalked it up to the guy being a germaphobe or something. Which would make sense considering that the teen probably smells like shit at the moment.

His thoughts are interrupted by the man clapping his hands together. "Tommy! It's been so long since I visited. I missed you!" The man proclaims.

It had been a couple weeks since they last saw Wilbur. He had visited briefly to check on an injured Tommy, who had gotten stabbed by some prick in manifold land a few weeks prior. He had left in a rush, then, but Tommy paid no mind, he was a busy man after all.

"Of course you missed me, Wil! Who couldn't miss the biggest man in the world!" Tommy grins, all crooked teeth and shining smiles. Wilbur chuckles with a pat to the teen's shoulder, blue eyes gleaming with endearment. Tommy always found interest in just how blue they were, in a way almost unnatural as what little light in the alleyway reflected off them.

"That's exactly what I wanted to talk to you about, Toms. We haven't hung out for a while, and I was wondering if you'd like to take a walk with me tomorrow?"

Tommy ponders for a moment, "That sounds fucking pog, I could bring Tubs and Ran-"

"-No!" Wilbur interrupts, startling the blonde for a moment before composing himself. "No, no, just you, Tommy. You and me, and some brotherly bonding, yes?" Wilbur insists, and the ragged boy fails to notice the apprehension in the man's eyes. Instead, the teen focuses on how Wilbur calls him brother, and the subtle warmth that creeps up his chest as he says it.

Because although Wil liked Tubbo and Ranboo, he was first friends with Tommy, and generally was much closer to him. They had met by a music shop in the city, where Tommy bumped into him after successfully snatching a guitar from the back. He cursed him out and told him to suck his dick, insulting the shitty sunglasses he wore that night. Wilbur simply laughed before helping him escape, hiding him behind a wall and misdirecting a very pissed off shop owner. They became friends ever since, and Tommy learned to deal with the strange quirks of the older boy.

"Uh, sure, why not? I'm sure Tubbo would be alright with it!" He responds, giving the man two thumbs up. Wilbur beams, strikingly white teeth glowing in the moonlight.

"Great! See you tomorrow same time?" He asks, and Tommy nods in agreement. "Alright, well, I'll be on my way. I've got places to be and you, Gremlin, need to take a shower. You smell fucking horrendous."

"Hey!" Tommy shouts in response. Although he mostly agrees because he did, in fact, smell like shit, but that wasn't the point!

Nonetheless, the two say their goodbyes before departing. Tommy heading back into his shack of a house, and Wilbur heading for god knows where.

# Chapter 2

## Chapter Summary

Tommy realizes that maybe, he should have stayed home.

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cw: Lots a blood and vampire typical violence in this chapter. Also mentions of vomit (although not super explicit)

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy is dressed in the cleanest clothes he can find when he goes to meet up with Wilbur, wearing a simple white tee tucked in some beige dress pants, with a soft, maroon cardigan to boot. Everything but the shirt was a gift from Phil, a librarian the boy had met by the local church. The old fuck always dressed in simple green outfits, and though they'd only met a number of times, the man seemed quite enamored with him. He was fatherly and smiley, and gave him the clothes a couple days after his seventeenth birthday. He doesn't quite remember when he told him his birthdate, but he's thankful for the clothes nonetheless.

He wouldn't say the articles of clothing were exactly his style, but he also wouldn't say he had much of a style anyways. Plus, the blonde man had insisted, something about presenting himself better. Even though that didn't really matter considering he and his friends' status in life. He digresses, slipping on his ratty sneakers at the sound of a knock at the door.

"That must be Wil. I'll see you guys later, ey?" Tommy waves, Ranboo cooking some dinner as Tubbo lounges on the couch.

"Yessir, Bigman Tommy! Don't die." Tubbo salutes, a two-toned chef laughing in agreement.

"I won't." The blonde smiles, "Don't wait up." and he's out the door.

Wilbur is there to greet him when he gets out, dressed in the same outfit he saw him in yesterday, minus the big, brown coat. They begin to walk out the alley into the streets, strolling down the quiet part of the slums under the moonlight. Tommy notices that Wil's necklace isn't tucked into his shirt as usual, staring at the green emerald that seems to glow in the dark city streets. He's never seen it before, as the brunette usually kept it well hidden at all times.

He wonders what made him change his mind today.

"You're dressed well today, Tommy!" Wilbur jeers, "never thought I'd see you out of that godforsaken red and white baseball t-shirt, where'd you get the new fit?"

Tommy punches him in the arm, scowling. "Oh, fuck you! I dress fantastic *all* the time." He responds, fake anger melting into a boyish grin. "But since you're asking, I got it from this librarian guy, Phil. Good lad, old as fuck, blonde." He shrugs with a snicker, inspecting the soft fabric of his sleeves.

Something shines in Wilbur's blue eyes, an unreadable smirk gracing his lips. "A librarian huh?" He says in a humored tone, slowly walking off the main path as the teen mindlessly follows.

"Yup," Tommy pops the p, kicking around some rocks as he follows Wilbur closely. They're no longer following the main road that circles back to the house, the passive sounds of the slum quieting as they reach a familiar path.

"Why're we walking to the abandoned Mansion?" The blonde asks, confused. His next steps slowed as he lags behind. Wilbur doesn't stop, and Tommy is unsettled by the sudden lack of response. "Wil?" He asks again, louder, and now standing still.

Wilbur then turns to Tommy without stopping, walking backwards. He smiles, an unreadable glint in his eyes. "Well, to explore *the* abandoned mansion, of course! A family adventure, perhaps." He exclaims, waving the teen over.

"*Just come on.*" He encourages with an alluring lilt to his voice, and Tommy catches up immediately, trailing once again behind the brunette. He doesn't necessarily like the thought

of entering the creepy mansion, but he thinks to himself, what's the worst thing that could happen? Hypothetically, in the worst case scenario he comes home with some nasty bug bites. Which he would deem not a big deal. So, he follows the taller and doesn't look back.

They reach the big iron gates that sit between large stone walls, Wilbur reaching through the gaps to unlock it. Tommy notices that the gates are surprisingly free of greenery or rust, in contrast to the time-worn walls they sit between. He'd never been this close to the mansion, always passing by but never wanting to take the time to observe, so he takes the time now to let himself.

With a resound push, the gates open cleanly, and Wilbur gestures for him to get inside. They find themselves in the massive structure's front yard, and Tommy walks at a snail's pace, gaping at the sight before him.

He knew the abandoned mansion was big, but up close it was absolutely massive. "Holy shit..." He mutters, ignoring Wilbur's chuckles as he looks around him.

The house was at least three stories tall, with up to six tall windows lining every floor, which isn't even counting the few on the roof that Tommy assumes are for an attic of some kind. The mansion seems to consist of one large main building that is the epitome of symmetry, and a slightly smaller yet still intimidatingly sized one that juts out of its left side; both parts consisting of gray stoned exterior with dark shingled tiles on its roof. The extra building is long when the main one is wide, and its bottom floor is made of a line of archways.

As they get closer, Tommy wonders if the stone walls used to be white, hands running along yellow-tinted dark grays as they reach the porch. He spins around one of the stone columns that frame the front door, a towering hunk of umber colored wood with intricate designs carved into it, and laughs.

"This is so fucking cool!" He cheers. Tommy's gaze meets a straight faced Wilbur, who proceeds to smile at him, a dark glint in his stare going unnoticed by the boy. "Oh just you wait, it gets even cooler,"

Wilbur then pushes the heavy doors open with ease, revealing its grandiose interior. Tommy is in awe.

He admittedly knew jackshit about architecture, but this place screamed old-as-fuck, and the interior only attested to that. All dark, expensive looking wood and vintage styles, with large archways and lavish furniture. It's... livelier than he expected an abandoned mansion to be, as no dust seems to come off the doors when Wilbur slams them open. The main room is unlit, but the space is clean, and far from decrepit.

Said main room is more than spacious, with tall ceilings and a large staircase in the middle that splits in two directions. Like the exterior of the house, the inside is pretty symmetrical in structure. A hallway leading to either side of the mansion near the doors, and one on each side of the main stairs leading deeper into the mansion. Two picture frames covered in cloth sit on either wall in between the stairs and a hallway, and Tommy is undeniably tempted to see what's underneath. However when he tries, his hands are lightly smacked away, accompanied by a lighthearted tut from Wilbur.

He wonders if the place was really abandoned, looking too organized to have been inhabited by squatters, and too clean to be unsupervised. He goes to voice such thoughts to Wilbur, but is briefly deterred by the man disappearing into the hallway on the left side of the main staircase, the teen rushing to follow.

Tommy is almost eighty percent sure the place isn't uninhabited by now, and his confusion is evident in how he eyes the back of Wilbur's head. However the man was awfully confident with the layout of the place, and Tommy wonders if he'd been here before.

"You always said this place was empty... You sure about that now, Wilbs?" He tries, but receives no response. '*What is up with Wilbur today?*' he thinks to himself, anxiety spiking up at his friend's silence. It doesn't help when lit candles lining the walls come into view as they near a big door at the end of the hallway, his eyes nervously flicking between them and the figure walking ahead of him.

He thinks that maybe Wilbur just converted the shit hole into a kind of hangout spot, but the seemingly logical hypothesis brings him little comfort. The atmosphere feels strikingly tense in the moment, and he feels almost claustrophobic as he trails behind the taller brunette. The man had stopped talking the moment he opened its doors, and the realization unsettled him.

Wilbur places a hand on the door knob, and Tommy is filled with the sudden urge to run in the other direction. He doesn't understand why, but his gut urges him to leave. Yet in spite of the overwhelming instinct, he stays still. He isn't quite sure what's keeping him here, seemingly rooted in place, but he chalks it up to being perplexed by his older friend's condition. Tommy trusted Wilbur with his life, and should have no reason to be afraid, but the older brunette is displaying a stoicness he hadn't seen before. The teen doesn't know what's on Wilbur's mind, expression hidden in his orientation towards the door, and a nervous chuckle leaves the boy's lips.

"This place doesn't seem all that empty, ey? You reckon Tubs, Ran, and I could dr--"

A yelp interrupts the teen's thought as Wilbur swings open the door in one quick motion, followed by him grabbing Tommy, and all but shoving him inside the room. He's startled by the speed in which it all happens, and confusedly looks back at a calm Wilbur that clicks the door shut behind him.

He spins around frantically, taking in his environment, and The area seems to be a lounge of some kind. Hexagonal in shape, three bookshelves lining the walls parallel the door. There is a small round table to the right of Wilbur, which he pulls in front of the door to sit on, effectively blocking it off.

Taking in the rest of the room, Tommy feels his heart plummet into his stomach as he realizes that he and Wilbur are not it's only occupants. There's a long, oval tea table near the middle of the room, four teacups surrounding one pot lying idle on its surface.

Behind it sits a victorian, tufted couch, made of a dark amaranth colored velvet and blackwood. A man is sitting on it, facing him directly, and Tommy wonders how someone can be so familiar but so *wrong*.

Because in front of him sits Phil, the friendly librarian he had met by chance, and the source of his current wardrobe. Except this isn't the Phil he remembers.

He knew Phil as a dad-aged acquaintance from uptown, that wore band t-shirts and a soft, green cardigan.

*This one wore blacks and dark greens, donned in a pine green suit set with a black, silk button up.*

He is leaned over the tea table, chin resting on his left hand, and fingers adorned in a variety of rings. He still wears the signature striped bucket hat that he never seemed to be without, but the young blonde does not recognize the man in front of him. He reeks of a power Tommy was never able to perceive in the past, the warm smile he had been graced with a couple times in the past now holding a sinister lilt.

Tommy looks away, looking for reprieve from the confusing predicament, only to feel dread hit him like a tidal wave.

He wasn't necessarily sure *what* to be afraid of at first. Because even if Wilbur and Phil were acting weird, a small part of Tommy thought this was some elaborate prank, and even if it weren't he could probably hold his own against an adult stick and an old man.

But now, looking at those same crimson eyes he stumbled upon all those months ago, Tommy's feelings of pure, unbridled fear is only solidified.

The Blood God himself gazes at him with a relaxed, yet unreadable expression. He leans casually against the wall on Phil's right, and if Tommy's heart was in his stomach a while ago, now he was pretty sure it just came out his ass and was making a one way trip to hell.

"What the *fuck* is going on?" He asks, incredulous. He's in the defensive, eyebrows tightly knit together as he inches away from the three. The room is eerily quiet, and Tommy wants to scream as Phil directs a patronizing smile at him.

Three pairs of eyes linger on him like he's a puppy for sale, and he can't help but feel like a cornered wild animal. His fight or flight bounces around in his brain, flight desperately itching under his skin despite his usually confrontational tendencies. Except the one time he wants to *choose* flight, there are no clear exits, and instead he channels his fear and frustrations into words.

“Are you bitches deaf?” He shouts, wild eyes darting around the room. “I *said*, what in the *fuck* is going on?!”

“Calm down, Toms-” Wilbur starts, with a deceptively comforting expression. The man gingerly places a hand on his shoulders. Tommy makes a face, turning to face the taller with a violent shake of his head.

“No, you don’t get to tell me to ‘*calm down*’. Tell me what the hell is your deal and why the *fuck* does it have anything to do with one out of three of the most dangerous vampires in the country!”

His heart is racing in his chest at being so bold around a guy that could essentially use him as a living Capri-sun at any moment, but his spiralling fear is interrupted by a hearty guffaw from behind him.

Phil is laughing in his seat, raising his head and adjusting his bucket hat ever so slightly. If it were any other situation, Tommy would have laughed too. The older’s laughs were contagious, an embodiment of warmth and familial comfort. But this isn’t any of those other situations, and Tommy feels nothing but insulted by his reaction. He wants nothing more in that moment than to curse Phil out and dump tea all over his expensive-looking suit. However Phil beats him to the chase, smiling at him with a condescending scrunch of his nose.

“Take a closer look, mate.”

Tommy gets the hint, Phil is essentially telling him he’s missing something, and he’s all too willing to do the room another once over. He analyzes them one by one, paying extra mind to their features and expressions.

Tommy thinks he could die when he realizes. ‘I *am* gonna die’, he thinks to himself. Looking a little closer, he finally notices the deep crimson of Phil’s eyes, his breath hitching at how they stare back at him. The red isn’t what really sets him off however. Instead, he zeroes in on one of Phil’s rings, a familiar green gem sitting elegantly on top.

The teen quickly turns to the pinkette, searching.

His eyes fall onto the necklace around his neck, identical to Wilbur's.

Suddenly, he's all too aware of Wil's hands on his shoulders, roughly pushing away from the man while he backs into the far wall.

“ *You-*” He points accusingly at the three, trembling but as indignant as ever. “-You were never a fucking librarian were you?” He says to Phil, laughing exasperatedly. It's a statement rather than a question, and he finds himself panicking further at the small snicker that leaves his lips.

He combs shaky fingers through his hair at the realization, and wants nothing more than for this to all be just one shitty dream. His head is throbbing at the ongoing epiphany, emotions and thoughts scrambling into an indecipherable bowl of alphabet soup. Even in his shock, he still notices as Wilbur tries to approach him, a sympathy he now knows is fake, plaguing his expression.

An icy hot feeling of betrayal runs through him at the sight of the brunette, because he wasn't quite as close to Phil yet, but *Wilbur*? He shared his fucking secrets with that man, he truly, genuinely trusted him. And now, he wishes he could shove a used sock full of rusty coins down his throat. He quickly diverts his attention from Phil to Wilbur, halting his approach as Tommy seethes.

“And *you-* you lied to me! How long have you been lying to me?” Tommy yells with conviction.

The teen is all rage and hurt with a touch of a growing, life-time grudge. Filled with a sudden sense of clarity, he won't take any bullshit answers, and definitely won't settle for anymore lies. It's evident in his expression, and just like that, Wilbur's soft nurturing facade falls away like burning paper.

His lips curl into a sadistic smile, eyeing the blonde teen somewhat fondly before looking upwards. Tommy can only watch in horror as Wilbur carefully and efficiently begins to pluck blue contacts out of his eyes, flicking them away before fanning his eyes dramatically.

Red orbs settle on the cowering boy when he's done with him, a disgustingly pleased expression falling onto him. "You don't need me to tell you that I've been lying the whole time, child. You're smarter than that, '*The Siren*' has been around for a decent while you know?"

"It's funny, honestly. I didn't even *have* blue eyes when I was alive..." He continues, and Tommy feels sick. "...You could say I just wanted to match with you, *Toms.*"

Tommy doesn't know if he should laugh or scream, because of- *fucking-* course, with his luck he would find himself trapped in a room with *The fucking Sleepy Coven*, of all things. At the same time, Tommy is devastated, a tearful anger crawling up his throat like bile. He wonders how much of their supposed friendships was real, if any of the 'wholesome' moments they shared were genuine, or if they were all as fabricated as Wilbur's goddamn eye color apparently was.

Next to Ranboo and Tubbo, Tommy basically considered Wilbur, family, and he couldn't deny the small admiration he had for Phil. The teen berates himself internally, because of course that's his fucking downfall. Tommy wasn't one to make friends, more often than not making enemies with his prickly attitude and laughable lack of tact. Yet it was well known by those who have gotten past his tough exterior, that once you've gained Tommy's loyalty he loves unapologetically and without condition. He would live and die for those lucky enough to be on his list of friends, and while most days he's content with that part of him, now he wishes he was someone different.

The beginnings of a sob catch in the back of his throat, grief hitting him all at once. He can't help the pathetic gasp that leaves his lips, as he presses his back against the wall and sinks down.

He doesn't *want* to show weakness, doesn't want to be the prey that begs for his life. He always assured himself that if he went down he would go down swinging, and even though he was extremely outmatched, he refuses to double down on the principles he's lived off all his life.

He knows it's futile, a pitiful last act of protest before what he presumes will be his untimely death. So he decides to spill his thoughts on the floor before his blood does. Fucking, *YOLO*,

as one would say.

“You’re fucking monsters, you know that?” He hisses, knees drawn close to his chest. His eyes are glazed in a wet fury, with all the contempt of a wronged stray. Feelings of fear are pushed down in favor of contempt, and the adrenaline of facing his own mortality drives his thoughts.

“Getting all buddy buddy with me- are you dicks so goddamn old you gotta play with your food for entertainment nowadays? Is this what that is, some sick fucking game?”

Tommy is livid, afraid, and exhausted all in one. He barely has the energy to startle when the Blood God speaks up.

“We aren’t gonna kill you, kid,” He says, moving to stand tall from his place on the wall. The blonde teenager never thought a pink haired man in a poet’s shirt and black, high waisted pants could be so intimidating, but the way he carries a dark red cape over his shoulder makes him wish the wall would just swallow him whole. “Quite the opposite, actually.”

“...what?” The teen meekly asks, his eyes wide. He prays to whatever god might be out there that they aren’t saying what he thinks they’re saying, shaking hands curling into tight fists. His next breaths are quick and labored, as the silence that fills the room provides him with no answers.

Bright blues searches several deep crimsons for answers, and in spite of his curiosity, he’s unsure if he wants to know the truth.

Phil straightens with a gentle smile when Tommy’s panicked gaze meets his eyes.

“As Technoblade was saying,” He starts, standing up from his seat on the couch. He straightens the invisible wrinkles of his suit, and Tommy notes that the Blood God’s name is Technoblade. (*-and forces himself to shove down the urge to scoff at its strangeness.*)

“We aren’t going to eat you, little one.” He circles around the tea table, calmly adjusting the rings on his fingers. “You see, because Wilbur over here has grown quite fond of you,” Phil makes a pondering expression, striding towards the cornered teen. “And I have to agree that you’re quite endearing for a human child.”

At the words, Tommy wants to tell the vampires in front of him that he’s *not* a child, rather they’re all just absolutely ancient. However, he holds his breath when Phil stands before him. The older moving to sit on his haunches to be eye level with the teen, bringing a hand to twirl his blonde hair around his finger.

“So,” He moves his hands to cup Tommy’s cheeks, wiping away the tears that stubbornly pour out of his eyes. They hold him like he’s delicate, fragile, and Tommy fucking hates him. “Today we’ll finally be welcoming you to the family.”

Tommy swears that his heart stops for a moment,

and then chaos erupts.

An arm loops around his torso, the other going around his back and grabbing his shoulder. He instantly erupts into shouts and curses, thrashing against Phil as he effortlessly picks him up. “No no no no! Put me down!” He screeches, punching at the older blonde with what minimal movement he had as he’s carried like a disgruntled toddler. He can barely hear beyond the blood pumping in his ears as he wriggles in a tight grasp, Phil being nothing less than sturdy.

Frustration builds as his efforts come unheeded, and his earlier anger quickly evolves into bargaining. “Please! We can talk about this, fellas! Just let me go.” He tries, sweat dripping down his face as an attribute to his struggles. “I won’t tell anyone! Just don’t-don’t..I’m begging you.” He grits his teeth. Tommyinnit never begged, but the prospect of becoming a blood sucker was horrifying, and filled him with a fear unmatched by any near death experience he’s had up until this point.

Phil’s grip is bruising, and though the teen had heard of the enhanced qualities of vampires, he wishes that their strength was just overstated. Unfortunately, they’re just as indestructible as the books said they’d be, and he’s easily overpowered as the older man takes him back to the couch.

The boy is firmly kept against the older blonde's chest, keeping his arms trapped to his sides in a tight embrace. The restriction is unwavering, but it doesn't stop Tommy from trying, wriggling around incessantly and growling at the three things keeping him there.

Suddenly, Wilbur is knelt in front of him, hands holding his own comfortingly. "It'll be alright, Tommy. It's a bit painful, yes, but you forget about it as the years roll in!"

Tommy pulls a disbelieving face, and he thinks the man might be fucking delusional, with his words being a little less than reassuring. If anything, he wants to punch him in the face even more, maybe even defang him or something and leave him to die in sewer. He goes to tug his hands away from the brunette, but the grip only tightens. A possessive glint lights in his ruby red eyes, while Tommy's frightened ones are unable to look away.

"Besides, I can't have you dying on me. After last time, I realised how easy it would be to lose you. I can't lose you, Toms. I can't lose my baby brother." His words are deranged and full of sentimentality. Tommy grimaces in response.

He thinks of what the crazed musician was talking about, and he proceeds to remember said incident in more detail. He curses himself for not noticing the dark look in Wilbur's eyes back then, when he looked over Tommy's injury and left unceremoniously quickly after. He had been stabbed while nabbing some power banks, and though the stab wound wasn't lethal, the teen recognizes how close to such it had been.

The knife had struck his collarbone, and though it wasn't sharp enough to go through the bone, he often thought about how if the weapon had hit any lower, it could've easily slipped through his ribs.

At the time, Wilbur's concern was reasonable and comforting. But now the teen realizes the extent of his concern, and the ridiculous lengths these people were willing to go to in order to rectify that incident.

Tommy is pissed off by their misguided idea of care, thinking only of the friends waiting for him back home. Wilbur was once someone as important to him as his two friends, and to some extent he still is. Except rage bubbles over any lingering affections he has for the man in front of him, and he spits venomously. "You're not my fucking br--"

"-Alright, that's enough." Technoblade interrupts, tousling his pink hair with a roll of his eyes, he swiftly approaches the three on the couch.

He hooks a calloused hand under Tommy's chin, and with an abrupt force, shoves his head up and back into Phil's shoulder. His actions are rough and apathetic, grip bruising around the young blonde's jaw. The position leaves his neck horribly vulnerable, and Tommy tries to speak to no avail, Techno's firm hold leaving him tight-lipped.

"Let's just get this over with," He states, ignoring Wilbur's protests for him to be gentle with the teen. "There's no avoiding this, Tommy. Just let it happen."

Just let it happen. *Just let it happen?* Tommy wants to fucking scream. He doesn't want this, and he thinks he never would. Yet clearly these fuckers didn't care about his feelings, dead set on getting their way. Regardless, he shakes his head vehemently, continuing to squirm while Wilbur makes it significantly worse with his condescending cooing.

Phil places a kiss on his temple, and the teen loses control of hot tears that run down his face. He isn't getting out of this one, he realizes. He's restrained in every which way, marked and listed as belonging to a group of violently possessive creatures. He's also just naturally weaker than the vampires surrounding him, with even one of them alone perfectly capable of taking him down. His fate is basically sealed, but instead of confronting that reality, Tommy simply shuts his eyes tight while trying to shake off the hands holding him, fear and adrenaline the only things keeping him from passing the fuck out.

"It'll be alright, Toms." Phil combs his fingers through the teen's hair briefly, in a sickeningly sweet gesture as he speaks to him. "This is all for you. We're making you *better*."

Tommy doesn't get enough time for a retort before there's a searing pain clamping down on his neck, and he screams.

Shrill and pained, he screams as his throat grows hoarse, the alien feeling of his blood being drawn out of him making him sick.

He curses the whole time, insults and pleas for them to stop being left ignored. It feels like he's gotten stabbed twice and is having a controlled bleed-out. He's nauseous, and getting increasingly delirious.

Tommy's crying now, an angry kind of cry that caters to his own helplessness. Thrashing does him no help, and even with Technoblade's grip absent, he is frozen in place in pain. The teen is seized up, nails digging into the backs of Wilbur's hands, and cold sweat adding a layer of discomfort to his unending suffering. There's no explaining the pure agony he feels, and he can't help the cries and whimpers that escape him.

Numbness crawls up his fingertips as his blood is stolen from him, and Tommy notes the inexplicable coldness that begins to wash over his body. The teen can hear the movement of Phil's throat as he swallows down his blood intermittently, and he doesn't know if he can cry harder than he already is. He vaguely thinks this is what death feels like, and as someone who's never died he hopes this is a testament to the torture they're putting him through

In his blood-loss induced haze, there's a subtle strangeness he picks out amongst the pain. It's almost as if something small flows back into his bloodstream as more is taken from him. He hopes he's imagining things.

Amidst the blur of tears, Wilbur looks overjoyed, *proud* for some reason, but Tommy is in too much pain to do anything about it.

What felt like hours to Tommy pass before the drinking stops. The specific time being lost to the young boy as he trembles against the three vampires.

The hands that restrained him let loose, knowing full well that he can't go anywhere now no matter how much wants to. He's far too lightheaded and weak, and as moments and minutes pass, a small hope sparks within him.

He knows absolutely nothing about how vampires turn humans, but his head fills up with hypothetical outcomes to make himself feel better. Maybe they hadn't turned him, he thinks amidst the black spots that dance across his vision. Maybe they were lying when they said they would, or maybe they fucked up in some kind of way. Maybe he would die on this pompous ass floor and die as Tommy, regular ol' human Tommy.

That hope is immediately crushed as a resurging wave of anguish shocks him from his catatonic state. Something seems to eat away at him from the inside out, causing him to fall out of loosened grips and almost crash into the tea table in front of him.

The pots and cups clatter as he crumbles to the floor, eyes wide, eyebrows drawn, and mouth open as he curls up in a pain he's never felt before.

He's been beaten and stabbed before, but none of those experiences even hold a candle to the pain he feels in this moment, not even the feeling of a vampire feasting on his blood a few minutes prior.

Tommy, in his spiral of confusion and pain, tries to get up, stumbling before crashing back into the ground. He falls over his own knees, fists clenched against the solid ground next to his head. His body is on *fire*, a stark contrast to the numbing cold he had felt a few moments prior. He doesn't understand what's happening to him, and he wraps his arms around himself as he dry heaves on the ground, his body desperately trying to expel something it can't quite point out.

"-r body is rejecting the venom since it's a foreign entity," Tommy hears a muffled voice say. His ears feel stuffed full of cotton while someone tries to speak to him, the teen barely making out the words in his haze of pain.

There's an unidentifiable hand resting against his back that grounds him slightly, but even then he can only make sense of certain keywords that lose their meaning without their context.

He hears words like 'replacing' and 'change', and when he strains hard enough, he hears something about 'faster than others'...?

Labored breaths leave his mouth as he tries to listen, desperately looking for meaning in the scramble of words. He's trying his goddamn hardest to suck up the pain and calm down enough to listen to whoever's talking, and just when thinks he has it all under control, a painful nausea hits him like a truck.

Tommy lurches, violently coughing while gulping painfully in between. His throat feels unimaginably dry, and a copper flavor lingers in the roof of his mouth, from what he assumes is his throat rubbing against itself. He heaves once more, fully expecting nothing of it but a gag, only to watch, horrified as he *hurls up a pool of crimson*.

Tommy is frozen, staring at what seems to be his own blood pooling on the floor. The excruciating pain has subsided for the moment, but even in this brief reprieve, Tommy can't find it in himself to move.

Remnants of the blood dribbles down his lips, and he stares at his own red tinted reflection. The blonde is utterly aghast, at what the fuck had just happened, and at the aura of calm that emanates from the three vampires in the room. He can't comprehend *how* he can tell without looking at them, but the dino-douchebags in the room continue to monitor him at relative ease.

He meets his own eyes in the puddle of blood, shock coming back to him ten-fold, and he feels himself succumb to the exhaustion.

Tommy blacks out, and as his consciousness flickers out like a candle, his last waking thoughts are of Tubbo and Ranboo.

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*"-see you guys later, ey?" Tommy waves, Ranboo cooking some dinner as Tubbo lounges on the couch.*

*"Yessir, Bigman Tommy! Don't die." Tubbo salutes, a two-toned chef laughing in agreement.*

*"I won't." The blonde smiles,*

*“Don’t wait up.”*

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## Chapter End Notes

HI!!!! I wasn't actually supposed to post this chapter yet since it was supposed to serve as a buffer while I work on the next one,,, but I got excited hehehehe. Anyways! Hope you liked this chap! it got a lot longer than I thought I could do, but I'm actually really happy with how this turned out.

Feel free to react and stuff in the comments bc they lowkey motivate me BAHABA, but yes, the turning process is NOT fun and Tommy probably should've listened to his gut.

# Chapter 3

## Chapter Summary

glug glug the chapter

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The first time he wakes, heavy eyes shoot open to a dark room, forced into awareness by a feeling he can't quite place.

He finds himself on his back, on a large, king sized bed, and in his sleepy haze, he can only focus on the deep, red theme that surrounds him.

He doesn't quite understand why the color makes him grimace, all coherent thought lost to the void of sleep. Nonetheless, the sight of his own favorite color makes him ill, and he tries to turn away.

Emphasis on try.

Tommy's initial confusion quickly turns into horror at his apparent immobility. He wills himself to do something, anything. To get up and leave, or even just roll himself over to get comfortable. Regardless, his will means absolutely nothing, and the teen's limbs refuse to cooperate, staying shockingly stiff and numb.

Tommy thinks he could be likened to a waking corpse, dead in all senses of the word yet still present. His body is numb and his skin cold, so much so that he almost forgets about the thick duvet that encases him, if it weren't for its visual reminder.

For a moment, he even considers the idea that he might be dead, just a wandering soul trapped in his own rotting body for the foreseeable future. But that didn't make sense, because last time he checked, people don't tuck in corpses.

He's categorically helpless, and wants so desperately to call for help. Something poking at his mind demands he call for Phil, but the blonde stubbornly pushes the thought away, wearily attempting to sound out a different name. 'Tubbo, Ranboo! Help!' He wants to cry, but he's not even one syllable in when he realizes that that wouldn't be possible.

His jaw feels just as heavy as the rest of his body, and even without that, his throat aches with each swallow, his own saliva feeling like rough sandpaper against raw flesh.

The boy wonders how he got here, stuck in bed with his bodily autonomy apparently stolen from him. He eyes his unfamiliar surroundings, craning his neck as much as his practically

paralyzed body would allow him to get a better look. This wasn't his room. In fact, he doesn't think he's ever seen this room in his life. However the outdated headboard he rests below, and the dark wood trimming lining the ceiling sets off alarm bells in his head.

His foggy brain tries to pin-point its sudden familiarity, and all he can come up with are three blurry figures and an indecipherable chain of events.

His chest tightens at the thoughts, and a wave of fear overrides his restful numbness. The uncertainty presents him with snippets of his reality, and vague recollections of events only serve to fuel such emotions.

The blonde then promptly drives himself into a full-blown panic, and he heaves laborious breaths as he desperately tries to shake himself into actual movement.

He's whimpering, fat tears threatening to fall down his cheeks, when he hears the tell-tale sound of an opening door.

Then, there's the sound of precise clacks as graceful feet stride towards his bed. Polished wood floors barely even creak at the approach, and the teen suddenly feels a hand decorated with rings grip his shoulder. Said hold is gentle and accommodating, and Tommy feels an inexplicable calmness at the touch.

His rapid breaths slow, and the tears he had felt breaking through fall harmlessly down his cheeks, no follow up leaving his eyes.

Tommy is perplexed by his own reaction, even more so as a free hand turns his unmoving head towards its owner.

He comes face to face with the gentle expression of Phil, his straight, blonde locks framing his face, as he cups the teen's cheek in one hand.

Tommy wants to be angry, recent memories resurfacing at the man's presence. He wants to scream for him to let him go, and the Tommy from hours before (was it hours? days?) would have no doubt bitten the cold hand that holds him.

Yet, Tommy doesn't, a rise of conflicting emotions he hadn't had before stopping him from doing so.

His mind seems to recoil at the very thought, even if the thought was completely of his own fruition. The predicament leaves Tommy reeling, and he is horrified by the growing part of him that encourages him to lean into the vampire's touch.

Tommy likes to believe he's stronger than that though, so he pushes against whatever vampire magic shit that's making him so clingy, his internal struggle barely manifesting as a twitch of a finger.

Phil doesn't seem to notice, and if he does he says nothing of the sort. Instead, he pulls the puzzled boy towards him, hand moving to thumb across his hairline.

The calming aura he had felt moments prior then becomes almost overwhelming, and the boy becomes drowsy in an instant. His eyes droop, the teen unconsciously leaning into the cold embrace with a content sigh.

“Go back to sleep, Tommy.” A warm voice speaks. “You need more rest before we can get this all over with.”

Tommy has half the mind to ask what he means, but he can’t help but heed the words of his father as he gently lays the teen back into bed.

His thoughts and confusions flutter away in a moment, and Tommy is asleep before he even realizes he was awake.

The following slumber is dreamless, a dark void of space that Tommy doesn’t even realize he’s in. All he has are feelings, feelings he can’t describe as he senses shifting in the space.

Tommy doesn’t really think of anything, and doesn’t think he could if he tried, and he lets himself be a passive observer in his own mind. He is ultimately sightless in whatever state of being he finds himself in, toeing the line of consciousness amongst a black abstraction. He seems to be bodiless, almost drifting, with no physical ties to a physical world.

He isn’t anything at that moment, not feeling yet not numb, just...nothing.

Then suddenly, Tommy feels as if something is moving in the nothingness. He recognizes a change in unperceivable entities, and he can’t start to fathom what that change means, or if there was any real change going on.

He might just be lost in a pool of delirium, but something within him clicks, echoing throughout the formerly soundless vacuum.

Then, Tommy wakes up a second time.

When the teen opens his eyes, he’s not nearly as distressed as he was last time. But he feels that that might be just because of the discomfort that immediately pulls at him. On his side, entangled in a mess of luscious sheets, he proceeds to curl into himself further; barely noting that he can move now, instead focusing on the throbbing ache that settles in his abdomen.

He’s both disgruntled by the comfort of sleep being unceremoniously taken from him, and equally afflicted by a devastating hunger. The blonde thinks his stomach might’ve grumbled, and he groans in response.

Clutching at the sheets, he tries to bury his head further into soft pillows, the sudden hunger clawing at him from the inside. His throat is ridiculously dry as well, and he feels a vague irritation pushing his brows together at the inconvenience.

He is feeling equal parts parched and starved, but he’s far too exhausted to do anything about it. He isn’t immobile by any means, but a certain grogginess prevents him from moving an inch off the bed.

The growing craving for something he can't quite place makes his irritation spike, and unconsciously fall into a state of hangry-ness. He grunts sleepily as he forces his head under a pillow, hoping to let the famished feeling pass until he can fall back into a peaceful slumber.

However the world is never kind to Tommyinnit, and in his pitiful state, he fails to notice the figure that now stands in his doorway.

A clap grabs his attention, and Tommy sluggishly shifts his gaze towards a familiar brunette, who's lips curl in a pleased expression.

"You're finally awake!" He remarks, making his way to settle on the edge of the bed. The tall brunette gingerly places a hand on the duvet Tommy rests under "How do you feel?"

Tommy almost scoffs at the question. Not good, he thinks. On the contrary, actually, the teen feels like absolute dogshit. He's tired, extremely dehydrated, and in desperate need of some food. And in his pissy haze, tells Wilbur exactly that.

The man smiles in satisfaction, reaching over the overgrown child to brush hair out of his face. "Of course you're hungry, bubs. You've been asleep for quite a bit." He says.

A beat passes without a word from Tommy's mouth, the teen choosing to tuck his curiosity away for later, and Wilbur speaks up once again.

"I actually called Phil when I saw you were awake, he should be in here with some food soon."

Tommy only responds with a nod, and figuring that he won't be able to go back to sleep any time soon, manages to sit up slightly in spite of his own discomfort. The room grows uncomfortably quiet, with Wilbur keeping keen eyes on his person, seemingly in observation. The teen is undoubtedly unnerved, and goes to start a conversation of some kind before he's rudely interrupted by an opening door.

True to Wilbur's word, Phil walks into the room with a quaint food trolley, Technoblade following close behind. The blonde man pushes the trolley inside, smiling at Tommy in a black, frilled shirt and some slacks. He seems to have opted out of his usual striped bucket hat for a small ponytail, and the sight of his bare head of hair seems almost illegal to Tommy.

The blonde eyes the wooden contraption, where an intricate, copper bowl sits on the top, before looking towards the imposing figure of Technoblade.

He's surprised by the almost domestic look he has, with his pink hair pulled into a messy bun, and dressed debatably simple. Simple for Technoblade apparently meaning a white button up with an intricately embroidered, translucent collar. Though of course humble dressing would be a flexible term in the eyes of the wealthy.

Arguable definitions aside, Tommy sits up fully at the sight of the two, his stomach aching impatiently. The subtle sweet smell that wafts from the bowl does little to help with his craving, and in his hungry haze, he pointedly ignores how the scent travels. Considering that

there is no steam coming from it to indicate it as a hot serving of soup. Rich people food, he excuses.

Phil settles the cart a little ways away from the bed while Techno stays by the corner of the room, the older leaning down from where Wilbur's seated to grace Tommy's forehead with a gentle kiss. "Hope you had a good sleep, mate." He speaks into his hair, and Tommy silences the urge to close his eyes at the display of affection.

"Now, for your food," He smiles, taking the bowl and moving to press it against the teen's lips.

Tommy quickly intercepts, holding back pale hands and thumbing across the engraved patterns in the copper. He's surprised by the abrupt gesture, and frankly insulted by the notion that he can't eat on his own.

He goes to glare lightheartedly at Phil, and perhaps make some silly quip while he's at it, when he looks down at the bowl.

His grin falls at the sight of a swirling scarlet, and the world collapses around him.

The domestic moment is swept away in a flash as a rush of memories fall into a pile at Tommy's feet. He remembers saying bye to his friends, remembers a private walk he should have declined, and his blood spilled all over dark, polished floors.

Tommy's eyes widen as the comfortable aura of the room transforms into something oppressive, and the familiar mix of dread and horror replace the empty space in his stomach.

He's suddenly all too aware of the ache in his neck, resisting the urge to scream and grasp at it to look back up at red eyes instead.

His grip around the bowl tightens, and he shoves it away from himself as hard as he can.

Phil narrowly saves the bowl, stumbling slightly to salvage its gory contents. Small portions spill onto the bed, and Tommy can only look in horror as he realizes what he had almost eaten.

A look of minute surprise crosses over the blonde man's gaze before turning serious. He does not appear to be angry or frustrated however, his expression reading as mildly inconvenienced more than anything else. He looks to Technoblade in the corner of the room, and Tommy tries to stumble out of bed in the other direction.

He doesn't make it far, Wilbur being quick to force him back down by the shoulders. Though it seems Tommy hasn't gotten any less stubborn in his time asleep, struggling regardless.

"You motherfucking bloodsuckers!" He bellows. "Let me go right fucking now, this is kidnapping, you bastards!"

Tommy hears Wilbur laugh fondly next to him, the hands on his shoulders giving a gentle squeeze. "Oh Toms, it isn't kidnapping when we're your family." He states, and the teen snaps his head towards him in incredulity. "You're not my fuckin-"

Phil sighs, adjusting his grip on the bowl. “Ah, but we are, Tommy.” He jibes, crimson eyes darkening at Tommy’s initial rejection. Said teen is rightfully confused, but chokes down any form of response as the older blonde looks at him placatingly.

His heart wrenches with an unknown emotion, the boy irrationally regretting his harsh words. He wants to apologize, but catches himself before he can, a downtrodden expression twisting into a scowl.

He tries to turn away, Phil immediately turning his face back to him, balancing the bowl in one hand.

“You have changed, my child.” He tuts, eyes gleaming. “Your body is dying, and my venom flows seamlessly under your skin. Soon enough, so will my blood, and you will be irrevocably tethered to us.”

Tommy shudders at the statement, tears forming in his eyes. “You were ours the moment you walked through those doors. And you may not see it, but you’ve already unknowingly accepted me as your sire- your father. This first feeding is merely a formality.”

Phil lets go of the teen’s face, gesturing at something behind him. Then suddenly, lanky fingers curled around his shoulders are replaced by large, calloused ones, Technoblade arriving to hold him firmly in place.

Tommy feels hot tears run down his face as the eldest in the room pushes the filled bowl back to his lips, crying and thrashing with a newfound hysteria.

The edge of it presses painfully against his teeth, and yet the boy continues to battle their efforts, gritting said teeth to stop any of it from going into his mouth.

He seems to be battling himself as well, the smell of the questionable meal becoming intoxicating in its proximity. The urge to drink is something Tommy can now put a name to, an undeniable proof of the tether Phil mentioned before. He is filled with the existential dread at knowing what he’s becoming, but is still unwilling to come to terms with that reality.

Wilbur is having none of that though, and amidst the teen’s sobbing, the brunette resolutely pinches Tommy’s nose closed.

The aforementioned teen tries to hold his breath for as long as he can, but it seems that he’s still human enough to need oxygen, and he quickly opens his mouth to breathe. Wherein his mouth is suddenly flooded with a steady stream of blood instead.

“Shhh, it’ll be alright, Toms. Just relax.” The lanky man coos, the alluring tone in his voice making Tommy boneless.

He settles into Technoblade’s hold at the request, but his forced relaxation apparently does not extend to his Psyche, and tears continue to spill down his face as he’s forcefully fed.

However, his distress is not only due to unfortunate circumstance, as the teen realizes that the blood tastes good.

Tommy is terrified of what it means, as the sanguine fluid overwhelms his senses. Where he had always found the unpleasant copper taste, now finds a sweetness like no other. Nothing has ever tasted quite as good, and he struggles not to succumb to euphoria at the heavenly flavor.

It's addicting, and staggeringly delicious, and no matter how hard he tries, he can't seem to think of a negative descriptor for it.

He shuts his eyes tightly as he loses an internal war, and he feels nothing but shame in his bones when he begins to eagerly gulp down the liquid.

His vision darkens for a moment, shuddering as the flavor lingers in his mouth. It's fucking divine, and he can't bother to feel humiliated when blood drips down his chin from his messy eating.

Tommy finishes the whole serving, and when the bowl is pulled away from him, he hears a gruff laugh above him. The teen looks up to see Technoblade, his normally indifferent look glazed with a pleased undertone.

"S'Good, isn't it?" He remarks, and Tommy offers no response, lost in the disbelief of what he'd just done. "Chin up, kid, you're one of us now."

The blonde only glares, teary eyes indignant but silently defeated. "I hate you." Tommy speaks quietly.

"We'll work on that."

## Chapter End Notes

Hello friends, have this late night update!

Next update may include more Tubbo and Ranboo, and then I'll get to the 'family bonding' soon enough.

I hope y'all like the fic so far and I can't wait to write more! So feel free to stick around :]]

(Also, friendly reminder that this fic is purely about the characters they portray and not the CC's themselves in any shape or form!)

# Chapter 4

## Chapter Summary

A practice and semi-failure in diligence.

cw// gore and descriptions of violence

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

To say Tubbo and Ranboo were stressed would be an absolute understatement.

The two teens were all kinds of freaking-the-fuck out, and had been anxiously searching for their missing friend since they realised he was gone.

Which was to say, not very long after he had left.

When he had failed to make it home by 11 as he said he would, Tubbo had already begun to worry. Although, the worry was lighthearted, then. Nothing to sweat but lost sleep and potential muggers in the darkness of night.

However, when the blonde had yet to arrive at three am, even Ranboo became antsy. They peeked outside their door and checked the alleyways in their vicinity, looking for a wounded Tommy or any sign of him at all.

When they both reconvened in the house with nothing to show for it, they pushed down their panic with the benefit of the doubt. Maybe he had gone far out, and decided it was too dark to head home, instead staying the night at an inn with Wilbur. The two let the thought comfort them and went to sleep, convincing themselves they would see Tommy the next day.

They did not, in fact, see him the next day, and Tubbo and Ranboo were out searching around the town by lunchtime.

At this point, the two knew something must have gone horribly wrong.

You see, the boys knew Tommy better than anyone, and despite the reckless adventurer that he embodied, he was nowhere near a lone wolf.

He thrived in the company of others, and was loyal to a fault. Tommy swore that no matter what situations or offers he might face, he'd always, without fail, come back to the two. They were inclined to believe him, because for all the scamming he did, he was the most genuine boy they had ever met.

Yet the boy had disappeared, seemingly falling off the face of the planet without a word, and the two teens were left running around like headless chickens.

They were helpless, Ranboo would admit. He would never voice that thought out to Tubbo however. The shorter was quick to dive into denial, biting off more than he can chew in their rapid search.

Tommy could be *anywhere*, Marburg wasn't small by any means, and they didn't even know for sure if he was still in the country anyways.

They couldn't rely on the police either, because to the public they were nothing but a bunch of orphaned delinquents, expendable and unimportant. The corrupt precincts around the slums would never use their resources to look for a rowdy seventeen year old with an attitude problem, and Tubbo bitterly remarks that they'd rather spend those resources on a pack of beers instead.

Who would say they'd even believe their friend was missing anyways. Probably excuse it for him running away for good, or falling victim to the vampires that roamed the streets- no.

He wasn't dead, he couldn't be. Tubbo refused to entertain the thought.

Tommy was strong, and resilient, and he never dies- can't. Because Tubbo doesn't know what he'd do if he did, and Ranboo can't bear to lose one of the only two people he had in his life.

It's the late evening, now, while Ranboo struggles to comfort a distraught Tubbo. The split-haired teen sighs, holding back his own tears as the brunette sobs into his chest.

They had to find him, they had to, but at this point they were running out of options. They exhausted days and weeks looking for him, yet they barely even caught a crumb of evidence to where Tommy had gone.

Supply runs had gone neglected, and their fridge was getting concerningly empty. They were reaching a point where they couldn't afford to exhaust all their time and effort in looking for the blonde, and they were justifiably apprehensive at the thought.

They didn't want to abandon him, leave him to whatever the fuck is keeping him from them, but they had to survive as well, or they wouldn't even be there when he gets back.

The situation was even more frustrating because they couldn't even pursue what little information they *did* have.

The teens weren't stupid, and it pokes at them constantly that Wilbur had been the last person Tommy had been with.

The ever elusive, mysterious Wilbur Soot. A pseudo-brother to Tommy and friend to the group. The two were convinced he had something to do with the tall blonde's disappearance, because how could they not?

The man shows up out of nowhere, inviting Toms for a walk, and then the boy never makes it home? That was as suspicious as suspicious gets.

Yet the self assured conclusion gets them nowhere, because they can't seem to find that guy either.

Ranboo falls into a discomfited sleep, surrendering to an exhausted psyche as he holds a frustrated Tubbo against his chest.

The tall teen's brain catastrophizes in his slumber, and he can only dream of Tommy showing up at the front door.

Tubbo, on the other hand, is left to stew against Ranboo's chest, a distinct feeling of dread keeping him awake.

The brunette was often perceived as one of the more collected ones of the three, more logical and less emotionally driven. But they all knew codependency was an issue amongst all of them, and Tubbo was prepared to tell logic to go fuck itself if it meant getting his best friend back.

He couldn't imagine a world without Tommy in it, and he doesn't know how he'd cope if it ever came down to that.

Tommy was an integral part of their group, a living part of his and Ranboo's very beings, and they couldn't lose him.

Tubbo would conclusively nuke the planet to keep him alive, greater good be damned.

Call him selfish, but he would rather Tommy live forever without him than have to bear the loss of his best friend.

---

Tommy is awkwardly sat up in bed, rigidly postured as a bored-looking Technoblade sits across him.

The vampire lounges in the chair nearby with a book in hand, flipping through the pages leisurely. He makes an effort to look up at Tommy every now and then, expectant, but does not say a word.

It's starting to get to the blonde. The quiet of the room was deafening, and as a boy who is basically defined by loud, he's greatly tempted to say something to break the silence.

Tommy doesn't though, purely out of spite.

He instead fidgets in his seat, a restless energy buzzing under his skin. He feels like his body is high on caffeine, and would swear up and down that his heart would be beating out of his chest if given the chance.

Tough luck however, because it seems that Tommy's heart stopped beating yesterday.

The fact haunts the blonde's every thought, and he hates how vivid the memories of the past few days are, how clearly he recalls the pleasant taste of blood in his mouth.

Although it's hard to forget when he's made to drink his 'sire's' blood at least once a day.

They haven't fed him anything else, and at this point he's unsure if he even can. The three have barely told him anything about the implications of becoming a vampire, Tommy only knew about things he picked up mid conversation, with titles like fledgling and sire being thrown around, and vague references to things he might experience. And yes, that was as bullshit as it sounds.

Besides being fed and escorted around the mansion like some fucking tourist, the blonde hasn't been able to do much. Something about a transitional phase or some crap. They

coddled and pampered him like a child in spite of his displeasure. It was annoying, playing family with them, even if an instinctual part of him wants to melt into the affections.

Wilbur constantly tries to rekindle the way their almost-brotherhood used to be, attempting to instigate the friendly banters they used to share, and teasing the teen as if he hadn't just ruined his fucking life.

Phil isn't any better, behaving like the fatherly librarian he once thought he was. He acts as if nothing has drastically changed, and lives like the man Tommy once put on a wholeass pedestal. He isn't having any of that however, because the facade has long shattered, and the boy can only look into warm eyes and see a monster that has taken everything from him.

Their attempts at normalcy have done nothing but piss the teen off, and he absolutely loathes their thinking that this was what's best for him. Although Technoblade is a bit of an enigma. He hadn't had much of a relationship with the guy in the first place, so there was no rekindling to be had. No lies to forgive.

They don't talk much, because the two were opposites in almost every way, and Techno never bothered to smother him in affection like the other two. It was jarring, and honestly, kind of relieving. Then, when they did talk, the conversations were brief, but surprisingly pleasant.

He hates to admit it, but he thinks he actually liked getting to know the guy. It's strange that he gets to see the man behind the title, and he can't help but be invested in how..regular he seems around the mansion.

Tommy chalks up the feeling to him maybe, possibly, probably going insane during his time stuck in the mansion.

He isn't even really sure how long he's been here, Tommy realizes. It's been around a week since he woke up, but he doesn't know how long he was actually asleep for. The blonde assumes it was a couple of days at most, but can't say for sure.

Holy fucking shit not knowing things was annoying.

Tommy groans, giving in to his curiosities, and looks to the pink haired man in the room. Technoblade quirks an eyebrow intently.

“Why *are* you here?” The blonde finally blurts. Bold of him considering he was talking to the guy that instilled fear in both humans and vampires alike.

He was just curious, he really was. Wilbur and Phil had left the house that evening for the first time since he got here, leaving behind an unphased Technoblade to watch over him.

It was an odd choice, considering that the tall brunette was considered the clingy one out of the three, and probably the most keen to spend time with the young fledgling.

Techno puts down the book in his hand, shrugging non-committedly. “Bonding, apparently.” He supplies, and Tommy makes a face.

“Not much bonding going on, ey?” The teen gestures to the lifeless room.

He’s admittedly so incredibly bored. He misses the thrill of a supply run, the humble meals with his friends. Sometimes, he wishes he took up the vampires’ offers to play games with them in one of the bigger rooms, just to ignore the very real undead situation he has going on.

Still, he says no every time. He refuses to warm up to them, to let the awakened instincts within him surface. He’s afraid that if he does, he won’t be Tommy anymore.

Technoblade looks at him curiously at the remark, smirking ever so slightly. “Why, did you *want* to?”

Tommy splutters, and if it weren’t for the recent turn of events, would have flushed red. “No, Fuck you!” He exclaims.

“I’m just fuckin’ bored, and confused. I don’t want to *bond*, you aren’t my fucking family, bitch!”

The pinkette huffs, rolling his eyes. “Afraid you don’t have a choice. We’re brothers now, for better or for worse.”

Tommy scoffs at that, barely stopping himself from glaring at the burly man. “Family? With the three people that conspired and executed my own murder? What a fucking joke.” He sneers, clear contempt dripping off his words.

“Why’d those two head out, anyways?” The blonde asks, changing the subject and avoiding the intense gaze Techno gives him at his previous remark.

His earlier courage simmered down at the look, Tommy remembering the way Technoblade tore those people apart all too clearly.

He does his best to calm himself, to repress the urge to curse the man out on the spot. He’s doing pretty well too, that is, until Technoblade drops a fucking bombshell on him.

“They’re out getting you your first real meal.”

“...my what?” Tommy asks, though he’s afraid he already knows the answer.

“Wha-why, no-” He stammers, shaking his head and standing up. He doesn’t know how many more waves of dread he’s going to have to experience with these fuckers, but he really isn’t enjoying the streak they have going on right now.

Techno notices his rising panic, standing up at the same time as the frantic teen. He's never been much for emotional support, and doesn't care to assure the blonde when this all is inevitable.

"I mean, you were asleep for a month?"

"-a MONTH?" The blonde interrupts, a pale hand slapping against his mouth in shock. He's been gone a month, a *month*; dead for less than a week. He feels another round of nausea swirl in his body, Tubbo and Ranboo must be worried sick.

The pink haired vampire glances over his interruption, continuing. "We're one of the most powerful bloodlines in the world, Tommy. The turning process is much more efficient with us."

Tommy can do nothing but shake as the sound of an opening door echoes from downstairs, a haunting thump and drag accompanying graceful footsteps.

"It's not as bad as you think it is." He remarks, and Tommy finds it really, really hard to believe him.

Surprisingly, he doesn't move closer to the blonde, instead edging towards the other end of the room; book long forgotten on the foot of the bed.

"Come on, you aren't human anymore, don't you get it?" He laughs, a grin growing on the expressionless face. It's feral, and dangerous, and oh so telling of his monstrous nature.

Tommy has nothing but a locked window to his right, and he pulls himself closer to the wall, cowardly trying to escape his fate for the hundredth time this month.

"You're a 'monster' now, like us! There's nothing you can do about it." The man shrugs, a commanding gaze meeting Tommy's.

“But it's okay.”

Footsteps and thuds get louder and louder. Tommy is hyperventilating.

“You're better now... At least,”

The pink behemoth turns towards the door.

“You will be.”

Technoblade swings the door open, Phil and Wilbur waltzing in, and a horrifying thump reaches Tommy's ears as a person is dropped on the bedroom floor.

A man he does not recognize lays uselessly against the wooden flooring. He's immobile, probably by the persuasive words of the Siren himself, but he is undeniably alive.

Wide eyes are bloodshot with fear, his shaky stare bouncing around the room. He sees Tommy and trembles, trying desperately to shake his head at the sight.

The blonde blanches, devastated, because it becomes all too real at the man's reaction. He's suddenly all too aware that he's become a monster, that he looks the part and is expected to play it soon enough.

It makes him sick, to see the stranger cower in his frozen state. He hates seeing the horror that curses his features, the painfully human fear of mortality that settles into his bones-

An overwhelming smell smacks into him like a train, filling his senses and short circuiting his brain. Tommy swiftly covers his nose, dismayed at the sight of a fresh gash in the man's neck.

A voiceless scream resounds in his head, cheering at the smell of the bleeding man.

Tommy hunches over, turning away, which does nothing to appease the bloodthirsty shouts the claw at his brain. The growing instincts he had repelled for so long came barreling to the surface, the feral part of his mind commanding him to lunge at the man.

The blonde teen experiences a full body twitch as he forces himself to stay still, labored breaths becoming strenuous and distracting.

The exposed blood smells delicious, not better or worse than Philza's, but rather, different.

Phil smiles at the way Tommy's eyes dilate, newly red irises glowing in the candlelight. His mood is not dampened by the boy's resistance. Besides, all he needs is a little push.

Wilbur kicks the stranger further into the room, grinning menacingly at the helpless human. It's a sadistic, grudge-filled smile that shows off sharp teeth, and it's clear he has some kind of vendetta against the man.

"This is why you don't stab children." He whispers, and the man can do nothing but lay there as tears and snot silently fall down his face.

Tommy hears none of this, of course, too busy repressing murderous urges that seem to crawl under his skin. It's almost painful, how hard he's stopping himself, and he needs to get out immediately.

The three vampires walk out the door, Technoblade trailing out last, and Tommy makes a move to try and bolt out the door. However, the door is shut before the teen can reach it, left to helplessly bang at the door as it locks with a terrifying click.

“Let me out!” He repeats like a mantra, struggling to block out his nose as he tries to get out. He doesn’t want to kill anyone, doesn’t want to eat a person, innocent or not.

“Just give in, Toms, it’ll be better for you when you do.” Phil’s warm voice speaks from the other side of the door. The young blonde doesn’t respond, fists continuing to knock at the door.

“Fuck off! Let me out!”

Tommy is growing delirious, feeling almost high on the stench of the crimson fluid carefully dripping down the adult’s neck. He can’t keep this up for much longer.

A sigh sounds from outside, followed by a chuckle.

“Eat your food, Tommy. We’ll check up on you in an hour.”

Tommy’s *fuck*ed.

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*Later, a dead man is found in a pool of blood that decorates the wooden floorboards. His eyes are unseeing, frozen in a state of fear as he’s sprawled uselessly.*

*Blood continues to pour from a gorged wound, neck brutalized to a point that a chunk of it hangs loosely by strings of flesh.*

*It’s a murder to anyone else, but to the three vampires in the room, is an unfinished meal.*

*The corpse is but a lapse in diligence, a hesitation, a regret.*

*He truly hadn't given in.*

*Dark, opaque curtains flutter in the night breeze, revealing a tall window pushed wide open. A destroyed lock sits idly on the windowsill.*

*"Hmph, he didn't even finish his food."*

## Chapter End Notes

AYOO new update pog! This isn't my best chapter, but I'm really excited to finally execute the next stage in this story MUUAHAHAHA

Some bedrock bro bonding bc yes.

# Chapter 5

## Chapter Summary

Tubbo and Ranboo come home to a surprise

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy was never quite the eater, none of the teens were. Although it wasn't for a lack of appetite, but rather due to their tight 'budget' of stolen goods.

Don't get them wrong, they were good at what they did. Having stolen in order to survive for most of their lives, you can trust that they eventually developed a skill for it.

However, sometimes, their supplies just wouldn't be enough, or there was a dip of some kind in the local economy. Needless to say, not every meal was guaranteed for the teens.

So, like everything, they shared. They portioned their meals and saved up as much as they could, leaving the best of their stock for emergencies, or perhaps special occasions.

It was an unsaid agreement among the teens, something they had grown to adapt to in their years living together. So, mostly, they ate until they were no longer hungry, but rarely until they were truly full.

Tommy was especially the light eater. Always too busy or distracted, buzzing with an incorrigible energy, he often took less than what was portioned to him. He would leave more for the other two, insisting that the big man had places to be, and that less on his plate meant less time wasted with him sitting on his ass.

It was a lie, of course, and Tubbo and Ranboo had caught on to the blonde's true intentions quite early on.

They tried to confront him in the beginning, but Tommy would always laugh it off in denial, or run to god knows where, the slippery fuck.

Regardless, you could suppose his avoidance eventually worked out for him. Eventually, the two stopped asking, as long as Tommy ate enough, it was the best they could do. Besides, at some point Tommy had *apparently* started receiving free meals from an older friend he'd made in the other district, and the other teens were never so grateful for rich people.

The point is, Tommy wasn't a heavy eater, but that isn't the thing that grabs their attention.

With sounds of rustling and clear unrest coming from inside the house, Tubbo was shaken to attention by a frantic Ranboo.

The split-haired teen in question pressed his ear against the door, and the shorter brunette followed in suit.

There was clearly *someone* inside, and Tubbo and Ranboo were filled with a flood of hope.

Tommy was back, surely! Tubbo thought, and neither he nor Ranboo had half the mind to really think it over.

There was the possibility it was a robber, a murderer, or just a disruptive raccoon, but the two didn't care about those possibilities, judgement clouded by the idea of seeing their friend again.

So, Tubbo pushes the door open, running in with Ranboo close behind.

Moonlight spills from the opening door, and the brunette is grinning, painfully optimistic as he searches the small area. He looks ahead, pacing towards the kitchen, while the taller of the two takes in the surroundings as the nocturnal light hits it.

His eyes search the couch for a moment, and his investigations are promptly interrupted as he runs into Tubbo, who had stopped dead in his tracks.

“Hey, why-” Ranboo starts to ask, before he looks up, freezing in place.

The soft light falls upon a hunched over figure in their small kitchen. He’s lanky, and blonde, and undeniably Tommy. Yet the two can’t help but be baffled by the sight in front of them.

Tommy is on the floor, faced away from them, with the fridge freezer open wide to his side. Sealed trays of wagyu beef they had stolen from a butcher lay torn open around him.

A white shirt that he had not left in is drenched in blood, some stains clearly older than others. His hands are dripping with the crimson fluid, and he continues to bite and suckle at the raw beef in his hands even as the blood dribbles out onto his skin.

They’re even able to catch him pause in his ministrations to lap up some of the residue on his arms, before going back to feast on the raw ingredient in his grasp.

The blonde mauls the meat like a starving man, looking absolutely famished. Despite the fact he’s, by the looks of the empty trays on the ground, on his third steak.

The two frozen teens are torn between relief and horror, because Tommy is here, and debatably alive. Their friend was right there in front of them, yet they couldn’t bring themselves any closer to him.

Something had happened to the bright blonde, and they didn’t think they were anywhere near equipped with enough information to help him.

He doesn't notice the two watching him, lost in a frenzied haze as he goes at their celebration wagyu. Light bounces off red eyes, and Ranboo honestly wants to cry.

"Tommy?" He asks warily, gently moving aside a shell-shocked Tubbo to approach the younger blonde.

The teen flinches, knocked out of his stupor as he whips his head around.

Red eyes are wide and unseeing for the briefest of moments, and the tallest would liken this situation to a fucked up version of a kid being caught with his hand in a proverbial cookie jar.

He's gentle in his approach, trying to prevent the blonde teen from falling back into his absent mind. Yet, at his slightest movement, awareness seems to come to Tommy all at once.

Confusion and joy light up his eyes like rubies when he sees the two teens before him, but his relief is dampened by the concerned stares he gets in return.

Slowly, he looks down to the fluid warmth on his fingers, and suddenly, he feels nothing but shame.

Tommy scrambles back at an alarming speed, surprising the approaching Ranboo. The blonde's back solidly collides with the cabinet behind him, and Tubbo flinches at the sound of cracking wood.

"I...I didn't—" He starts to ramble, taking in the morbid scene of his own doing. He feels guilty, and ashamed, of what he's done and what he's clearly become, and he hates having to let his best friends see him like this.

He thinks that he shouldn't have gone here, that it was a mistake, that he was a monster and his friends would never want to see him again.

Slender fingers rest gently on his bloodstained cheek, and Tommy looks up at the split-haired teen before him.

His green eyes are caring and sympathetic, sympathetic in a way Tommy would have loathed in any other situation. But he can't be bothered by pride at this very moment, if anything, he would say that he was at his absolute lowest.

Although, to be fair, there wasn't much lower than being damned to an eternity as a half dead...thing for the rest of eternity

"It's okay, Tommy" He smiles, and the blonde can't help but melt into the touch. The words were familiar to him, repeated over and over again by the ancient creature that was Phil. The main difference being that, the hand was warm, and Tommy relishes in the life that was ungraciously taken from him.

He had been holding back very strong desires for affection the last few days, far too stubborn to let the three vampires get the satisfaction of holding him by his own volition.

His eyes flutter closed as tears threaten to escape his eyes, when another hand rests on his back.

"It's okay," Tubbo parrots, and as the words wash away Tommy's fears of rejection, he lets the tears flow.

Tommy cries silently in the embrace of his two closest friends, their comfort firm and unyielding in spite of the mess that spreads onto them.

They don't ask anything for the next few minutes, knowing full well that the time for that would come soon.

And even as Tommy tells them they'll have to leave, to up and run away sooner than later, they only nod, hugging him tighter.

They're putting on a brave face, but to be honest, Tubbo's never been so afraid in his life. Not of his friends, of course, but what this meant for them.

The lives of some orphan thieves weren't particularly luxurious, but it was all that they knew. The walls of Manburg and the towns in close proximity were something they grew accustomed to, and the three eventually found a way to find comfort in the godforsaken place.

Although you wouldn't mistake this as some loyalty to the nation, they just never dreamed to be rich enough to get out of the damned place. However, by the look of Tommy's frazzled appearance, it seemed that they didn't have much of a choice.

Tubbo was more than worried about this predicament, considering all the dangers that come with it, plus the additional obstacle of their lack of preparation. One look at Ranboo makes it clear that he shares the same sentiments, anxious expression seeping into his features as they try to comfort the distraught blonde.

The two almost clueless teams were scared out of their minds, really, but they didn't dare to show any of it.

Tommy is drowning in a sea of conflicting emotions, and they don't want him to think they're scared of him. He would run at the mere implication, and it would only add to the self-esteem issues that were brewing within him.

So, right now, they needed to be there for him, to ground him, to assure him that despite it all, he's still Tommy- their Tommy.

Then, when that's all said and done, they'll get to leaving.

Undeniably, there's a lot of unanswered questions at the moment, the why's and how's that rest heavily in the air. They would all need to communicate a significant amount in order for them to get anywhere, literally *and* figuratively.

But those can wait for now.

Ranboo gently lifts Tommy to stand, guiding the stumbling boy in the direction of the couch, and picking up a towel on the way. Adjacently, Tubbo assures the spaced out teen that he'll be back, and heads to the closet to get some new clothes.

As he rests the fragile teen on the towels, a comforting hand resting on his shoulder, he can't help but note how wrong the world feels in that moment.

The three are finally reunited again, after months of fruitless searching, they've found each other once more.

They should be happy. Ecstatic, even.

However, the supposedly joyous moment is soured by circumstance, and too much has changed in such a short period of time.

Ranboo sighs, looking around the makeshift apartment and taking it in for what might be that last time.

They were gonna be okay, they had to be.

## Chapter End Notes

A short update, but I just got a new comp so I had to do some- transferring HAHA. Anyways, hope y'all liked this chapter, I've been excited to write the fridge scene for a while >:) I still have a lot planned already, and am planning an SBI perspective chapter

if you guys are up to it! But yeah, that's all I had to say and I hope you've enjoyed thus far!

(I lied, I still have stuff to say so here's an author's note: I just wanted to say that there might be some inaccurate info here and there and trust me when I say most of it will be intentional! The teens aren't the most reliable narrators, and since we see most things from their perspectives, we only know as much as they do :] also also, buckle up because there's a wild road ahead my guys )

# Chapter 6

## Chapter Summary

Back at the mansion, three vampires scheme

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

*This wasn't necessarily... unexpected, more of an oversight if anything.*

Wilbur kicks the human corpse aside, the three men apathetic to the damp squelch that sounds as it collides with the wall. The brunette makes a face, visibly irritated as the other two move further into the room.

Technoblade is as stoic as usual, but Phil could sense his own contempt, and his cool demeanor does not fool his father.

Tommy has proven time and time again to be a slippery kid, and although they knew that quite well, you could say they underestimated his overall will to escape. Phil had assured them that his hunger would trump any comprehensive thought of desertion, and that he would be too enraptured by the deed afterwards.

Clearly, they didn't give him enough credit.

Wilbur grumbles childishly, a dark expression gracing his features. He was the most outwardly attached of the three, and although he would never say it out loud, felt some kind of entitlement to the kid.

He was the very first to meet the blonde, and as possessive as most vampires were, had an instinctual desire to hog the child's affections.

He had wanted to take him away from day one, and the only thing stopping him was the fact that the boy was painfully human, and Phil was the only pure-blood vampire he could trust to turn him.

Even so, Phil had refused Wilbur at first, and it's suffice to say it did nothing to quell the brunette's obsessions.

Unsurprising, as Wilbur was arguably the most unhinged in their little coven, which sounded like a hell of a claim when you placed him next to his brother, who quite literally had bloodthirsty voices in his head 24/7.

However, let it be known that Wil was an exceptional actor, sadistic in his manipulations and charming in all the worst ways, which was only made more evident in the way he deceived the teen in the first place.

Wilbur had begged Phil to let him keep him, to let him have a little brother, and Phil, ever the sucker for his children, decided to give him a chance.

A free trial, one could say, where he would see the kid for himself and find out what made him so special.

You could say Phil was...pleasantly surprised by Tommy. He was nothing that he expected from the little brother Wilbur oh so wanted, quite the opposite really. He was foul mouthed, tactless, and rude, all traits that Wilbur claimed he hated in human children. However, there was no mistaking this teen as anything else but the object of his affections, and it's hard to say when he became Phil's too.

He was a ball of fire that never seemed to stop burning, human in various aspects but always seeming a little larger than life.

He had a fight in him, even acknowledged by Techno as he recalled the incident in which Tommy chucked a bag of bread at him and ran without preamble, fast for someone so skinny.

He was naive, of course, as all humans are, and seemed to value such humanity more than anything.

Phil thought it endearing, whenever Tommy referenced his own mortality when they talked, unaware that he would never let him die anyways.

The teen was also unapologetically loyal, and he never valued his life first, always having something that was a little bit more important. Where most people would shiver at the thought of death, Tommy often spoke of his friends, and how easily he would give up his own life for theirs.

It amused the immortal man, how the teen would hide his selflessness under curtains of arrogance, and there was something so novel about the boy's perception of humanity.

The older blonde hadn't seen humanity as anything more than flawed imbeciles that never learn from their mistakes in centuries, and seeing the reverence the teen had for it made him snicker.

Tommy was a little bit on the violent side, but behind his compulsions was an unwavering swarm of kindness.

Phil wanted to see it die.

Because, from his experience, no wrath cuts deeper than the broken shards of unconditional love, and Phil would say that's how the stronger of his kind became what they were. Desensitized to the pitiful cruelties of mankind and weaponizing their grudges, it was a magnificent sight to behold, as their humanity slips away with every passing day.

He saw it in Technoblade, the ostracized village boy that cared for a family that did not want him, shunned for his vampiric appearance despite being completely human. Phil found him, persecuted as a defect or a dormant monster, and he watched as hope cracked like thin platters.

It was only a matter of time before the village would fall to a monster of their own making.

Then, there was Wilbur. A travelling musician with a jaded past; everything to offer except money, filled with a wandering spirit and equipped with a beautiful voice.

Charming as any man could be, he performed in taverns and in front of large audiences. Some accused him of being devil-born out of jealousy, and rumors of his voice being laced in sin met Phil's ears, and the man decided humans did not deserve him.

With so little to lose, the brunette was hesitant at best, but caved soon enough.

His mischievous nature would persist into his vampirism, only growing into something dark and sadistic, and from that a siren thrived.

Tommy was the first of the three to truly fight it, his attachments slowing him down.

But Phil would persist, they all would, because there was something about the ones with the best intentions that made them so fun to break free.

In retrospect, Tommy looked like what Phil imagined himself to be if he were human, resembling a kind of antithesis to his whole existence.

Phil was raised in prestige as a pureblood, far from human and holding a ruthlessness under kind facades. On the other hand, Tommy survived in hardship, a regular human that was undeniably kind under a prickly exterior.

He never seemed to crack under the world that treated him so unfairly, his character founded on solid ground against the temptations of retribution.

The teen never even acknowledges it, even when vengeance seems well deserved. The scars that litter his skins are only testaments to his mistreatment, each recurring bruise a good reason to hold an ire against his own kind, yet he doesn't, and Phil would be a fool not to notice why.

Where Techno and Wilbur had been lone wolves with nothing to lose, Tommy was not. Even as they turned him, he remained human in all the things that mattered, all because of two other orphan teens.

They are holding him back, keeping him away from a life of luxury and a family he always wanted.

A shame, really, because it was clear then, and it's clear now, as the brutalized corpse sits slumped in the corner. Tommy had the potential to be something great, and all it would take is to sever the tethers keeping him down.

Phil strolls further into the room, approaching the open window inside.

He pushes aside the fluttering curtains, the same hand coming down to trace along the windowsill. He seems unfazed as he touches upon a broken lock that sits atop the surface, bringing it up to show his sons, a small smile curling his lips.

“Seems the enhanced strength is kicking in, hm?” He states more than questions, looking up and tapping his lips with a pondering expression. “What do you reckon his abilities will be?”

Technoblade shrugs, leaning against the wall as he eyes the open window, Wilbur standing rigid beside him.

The other is seething, face twisted into an agitated sneer, angered by a thought. “I thought you said he wouldn’t try to escape?” He speaks, tone accusatory.

Phil simply offers a raised brow, the action quickly quieting the emotional brunette. The latter huffing but making no other moves to speak.

“Don’t throw a tantrum, Wil. What’s done is done.” The blonde starts, tossing the shattered lock to Technoblade, who gracefully catches it before tucking it in his pocket.

“Besides, we already know where he’s headed. We’ll have him back as early as Saturday evening if we’re quick enough.”

The three in the room would agree that this wasn’t their ideal Thursday night, but Phil would tell himself that it was a chance for him to shoot two birds with one stone (-three, if we’re being literal).

It was incredibly likely that Tommy went running to the two humans he called friends, and if they were to find Tommy, they would surely find the two other teens alongside him.

It was perfect. Those two were like thorns in his side, a wrench in their plans, and a wedge between his son and the rest of his family.

They were keeping their youngest from reaching his true potential, and Phil thinks he’s put off dealing with them for far too long.

“They’ll try to run.” Wilbur states, significantly calmer than he was before.

Technoblade breathes out a quiet laugh, shooting a small, dark smile at the lanky musician.

“We’ll catch ‘em anyways.”

## Chapter End Notes

Ayo ayo ayo! SBI POV POG Hope you liked this chapter! A lot is comin and I've basically planned out most of it, I'm not going to make this fic exceptionally long, but there are a few more chapters to go before this all comes to a close! After this, I will FINALLY continue my other chaptered fic... or will I?

Jokes aside, I've been having so much fun with this fic so far, and am super excited to build up to the ending I had in mind.

No spoilers, but I'd say the ending will be a little bit of a surprise (not in concept, but more of execution and circumstance--) ANYWAYS, no more rambling from me, hope you enjoyed and see y'all next update!

# Chapter 7

## Chapter Summary

You can run, but can you hide?

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Manberg was a large city, overpopulated and dense, but large nonetheless.

The slums took up arguably the most amount of space, and with all the twists and turns of compact city streets, it would be a 10 hour walk without breaks to reach the exits.

The three teens had a lengthy journey ahead, yet they were determined to cut their time short.

They had to get themselves and Tommy out as soon as possible, racing against the arbitrary clock of bloodthirsty vampires, and the expiration dates of limited frozen meats.

It was hard to be strategic given their current circumstances, but they had managed to conjure up a rough plan for their escape.

Optimally, they would travel in the daylight and hide away somewhere come nightfall. The mornings didn't quite kill vampires contrary to urban legends, but it did nullify their abilities quite a bit, and that would be more than they could ask for when they had no idea what the trio of immortals had in store for them.

It also meant that Tommy would be significantly weaker and easy to tire, which might lengthen their travels significantly, but when compared to the risk of being caught in the middle of the night, it was a sacrifice they were willing to make.

They also would have to find a way to get Tommy food along the way. The blonde refused to drink from any of his friends, so they settled on getting the boy raw meat.

The problem was that they only had four, and although Tommy could usually extend meals for weeks, the food would go bad fast, so saving up wasn't an option.

With all that in mind, the three ventured out through the city streets discreetly, hoping that they knew the slums better than the pompous vampires.

Tommy had a dirtied hood pulled over distinctly golden hair, concealing that and his now red eyes. There is a heavy feeling that hangs amidst the three, and though words are not spoken, the three agree that they just want each other to stay safe and alive, no matter the cost.

"We should find a place to crash at soon." Tubbo remarked. It was already getting late in the afternoon, and they would have to find shelter soon if they wanted to get out of the streets before nightfall.

Tommy nods in agreement, tugging a ratty backpack further up his shoulder as he does, red eyes scoping around the area.

"I agree, though we should probably replenish some food for Tommy before we try and hit the hay." Ranboo interjects. He's right, of course, the blonde had just finished the last of their stock earlier that afternoon, and he didn't seem to be getting any less hungry.

Tommy wouldn't outright say it, but the meat didn't feel like it gave him much sustenance. It was a pathetic substitute for a vampire's meal plan, but it wasn't something he was going to forfeit in exchange for the little normalcy he had left.

Admittedly, the food did nothing but give the teen a very brief reprieve, an alluring itch for the sanguine fluid only weakly quelled by the raw beef. It was evident in his unnatural slowness, his lack of energy noticeable to the two teens that walk by his side.

It didn't help that they travelled mostly under the open sky, in broad daylight either. Nonetheless, they decide to compensate by buying more raw meats along the way.

They had a decent amount of cash from the silverware they pawned off months ago, that and the other things they had stolen while Tommy was away. It wasn't enough to last a lifetime, but it would probably get them through the whole journey if they played their cards right. Which meant Tommy got all the bought food, and Ranboo and Tubbo relied on the nonperishables they saved up throughout the past weeks.

Tommy protested at first, adamant that the two should get their fair share of fresh meals, but it was a quickly lost argument when considering the practicality of it.

The memory creates a lump in his throat, the thought paired with the new feeling of unease he gets under the sun reminding him that he's no longer human.

It hasn't quite sunk in yet, and the attempts his friends make of getting his mind off it, or perhaps assuring him that he's still the Tommy they know and love, he knows the truth.

Everything is...different. He isn't the same no matter how much he wishes he was. The sun he loved to bask in feels like an inconvenience, and despite being someone who surrounded himself with people, he can't seem to look at them anymore, each stranger reminding him of the man he brutally killed.

He wasn't innocent, as far as Tommy knew. Contrary to the subtlety the sleepy coven member thought they had, the blonde teen had figured out who the stranger was not long after he had scaled down the mansion window. He remembered his face, because the teen was more observant than people gave him credit for, and although he was no saint, killing the man did not feel good.

Tommy didn't like how the man looked at him in fear, or how he had gurgled as he tore into his throat- okay, maybe there was a small, tingling rush of adrenaline, but that *wasn't* him. The bloodthirsty instincts are not his own, and Tommy thinks that this assurance is the only thing keeping him sane at this point.

Nonetheless, the three continue on their day's agenda, making their way through the market district.

Stores and carts littered each side of the narrow street, and the trio of teens camouflaged perfectly with the shoppers in the area.

They kept their heads low, briskly making it to a convenience store and taking all the frozen meat they could and shoving it in Tommy's backpack.

They pay their sums and try to avoid any suspicion regarding their hoarding of random cuts of beef, leaving as quickly as they came.

In all honesty, they could have totally stolen the protein, but they all agreed they couldn't run the risk of getting caught and calling more attention to themselves than necessary.

Besides, the stores in the marketplace were mostly independently owned, and even as thieves they weren't just going to disrespect people who are out here just to feed their families.

They were thieves, but they weren't *heartless*. There were good people in the area, and the only reason they didn't go here more often is because of how far out it was from the perimeters in which they resided.

It was much easier getting to the wealthier side of Manberg through the Mansion shortcut, and it wasn't like they had an honest source of income to actually pay for things in the market anyways.

As they exit the store, Tubbo points ahead to where the shops begin to thin out ahead of them. "There's an inn near the end that way! We should be able to get there soon if we pick up the pace."

"Sounds good, bigman." Tommy replies, surprisingly sickly. It draws concern on Tubbo and Ranboo's face, but they put a pin on that thought as they prioritize getting to the inn. Maybe

the blonde can take time to eat once they've settled.

Their day long escapade seemed to be working out for them so far, no emerald adorned vampires in sight.

They would be home free if they just kept up their current pace, and they could figure out where to go from there.

But of course, something *had* to go wrong.

Suddenly, the hustle and bustle of the open street erupted, some kind of commotion making people flood the streets. Gentle music flowed through the district, and Tommy couldn't seem to find the source anywhere.

People poured out of stores and alleyways, the mass of people seemingly all sharing the same desire for a sudden, late afternoon stroll.

The sky was getting dark, and the three boys could only hold onto each other as tightly as they could while the road became packed with people.

Violently jostled within the crowd, they struggled to keep a hold of each other. Tommy held on tight, so tight he was sure he would leave bruises, but he couldn't lose them here. If he did, he didn't know if he would be able to find them, and he doesn't think he could face the sleep coven alone.

The smell of fresh pastries reach heightened senses, and Tommy pursues it, taking his chances on finding an establishment to escape to. The blonde thanks the skies for his height as he looks out for an out, eyes landing on the source of the scent, finding a quaint bakery off to the right.]

He decides he'll apologize for this later, and promptly pulls Tubbo and Ranboo along with him. His grip unwavering despite the exhaustion that crawls up his throat.

Once inside, he lets go of them, apologies falling from his lips as he sees their reddened wrists in all their glory.

“Hey! That hurt!” Tubbo pouts, crossing over his arms like a disappointed mother. It forces a laugh out of an exasperated Ranboo, while Tommy sheepishly scratches the back of his neck.

Tubbo chuckles at the blonde’s guilty look, ready to milk the younger teen for some favors before an accented voice interrupts.

“Hi! How may I help you three boys?” They ask, and the three take notice of a pink haired woman behind the counter, friendly eyes smiling along with her mouth as she regards them by the entrance.

Tommy immediately whips his head down, pulling the hood further down his head as they become aware of her presence.

There’s an awkward silence that briefly permeates the bakery, and Tommy promptly elbows Ranboo in the ribs.

The taller grunts, looking down to a glaring Tommy, who gestures his head towards the lady behind the counter.

“Oh! Hey, uhm...” The split haired teen starts, standing up straight while nervously clasping his hands together. “Well, we uh...we just- crazy crowd out there am I right?” He smiles, lopsided.

Tommy facepalms, cursing under his breath. *God fucking damnit, Ranboo.*

Tubbo only looks up at him incredulously, but his poor attempt at small talk only seems to amuse the woman, a soft laugh coming from her.

“Yeah, sure is. So is there anything you might need?”

Ranboo flounders, unsure what to say, and Tommy guesses Tubbo decides to take the reins from this point.

“Uh yeah! If you don’t mind, my friends and I were wondering if you had a way out into the alleys?” The shorter brunette asked, smiling dutifully as they walked further into the establishment.

“Oh, for sure! Follow me.” She replies, and Tubbo looks back at them with a triumphant grin.

They follow her to a door near the back of the store, and as she opens it, Tommy can’t help but think that he now owes bakeries his life.

“Thank you so much...” Tubbo trails off, tilting his head at the nice lady.

She simply smiles back at them. “Niki, my name is niki!”

“Oh Thank you, Ms. Niki!” the small brunette exclaims, and the other two parrot the verbal gratitude, Tommy continuing to keep his gaze trained on the floor.

“No problem.” She states, and the three say their goodbyes as they exit the bakery.

They’re halfway through the alleyway when the woman calls them back, catching up to them along the way and handing them a box despite their protests.

“They’re an assortment of danishes, for you.” She asserts, pushing it into the hands of a reluctant Tommy. “A treat for your travels. Please, take it as a gift!”

Bashfully, the three accept the gift a final time, waving at Niki as she disappears back into the small bakery.

“Shit, its dark out.” Tubbo remarks, and Tommy releases a sharp breath at the realization.

“Guess we should hurry up then.” Ranboo continues, nervously, and the small group continues further into the alleyway.

The three try to navigate their way to the nearest inn as quickly as possible, and amidst the anxious silence, Ranboo speaks.

“Niki was really nice, don’t you guys think?”

Tubbo hums in agreement, a toothy grin stretching across his face. “She was! She even gave us some goodieessss” He drawls, pointing to the box in Tommy’s hands.

The aforementioned blonde laughs, inspecting the box with a smile.

“Yeah, a very poggers woman if I do sa-”

Tommy pauses, as he catches sight of neat handwriting on the corner of the box. His eyebrows furrow, and he stops dead in his tracks. The blonde swears his heart catches in his throat, and he can only stare, fixated, when Tubbo and Ranboo notice he had stalled behind.

“Hey, what’s wrong, bigman?” Tubbo inquires, and shaky crimsons meet his concerned gaze.

“Guys...When did we-” He exhales sharply, grip tightening around the box. “-Did we ever give Niki our names?”

*For: Tommy, Tubbo, and Ranboo.*

*Safe travels, see you soon.*

#### Chapter End Notes

Finally, an update. Hope you guys liked this! Also, know that shit will be hitting the fan, so buckle up boyos!!!

# Chapter 8

## Chapter Summary

### Fear and Ultimatums

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“We have to get the fuck out of here.”

Ranboo and Tubbo share a look, a similar feeling of dread coming over them.

“We need to get the fuck out *right now.*” Tommy repeats, rushing along the alleyway, human companions in tow.

There’s nothing but a tense silence that follows as they go further into the dark, having no choice but to take this way to the nearest inn.

It was necessary that they get out of the open streets, and Tommy all but drags them along, each boy attached to each other by the hip.

Cautious scarlet orbs dart around the narrow alleyway in an act of paranoia, and the boys are thrust into a perpetual state of anxiety, each sound of the approaching night acting as a possible threat.

Tommy swears that his heart would be pounding in his ears if it still could, and he nervously wonders about Niki and what she had to do with this.

The ominous package was a promise he was afraid to see kept; It didn’t help that the handwriting was something familiar either, one that he had seen time and time again in

library cards and notes attached to gifts. It was uncanny how much conflicting emotion a stroke of a pen could instill in him, and he hates how fear and longing blend so well together in the sight of it.

The irritatingly growing part of him finds comfort in the penmanship, and his fingers trace longingly across the indents of each letter without his consent. However, he persists not to let it get the best of him, turning his attention back to the stone paved access.

Niki didn't seem like a vampire to Tommy, he couldn't sense shit from the interaction they had, but as he huffs at the minimal exertion of brisk walking, one could say his senses weren't necessarily to be trusted at the moment. Even now, in retrospect, he can't say for sure what she had to do with this, and it's not like he wa\ just gonna go back and ask.

Instead, he pushes forward, putting on a brave face in spite of his tiring limbs. It was an unsettling reminder of his body's newfound necessities, the growing dryness in his throat an indication of his vampiric needs- needs that he was pointedly ignoring.

Their current predicament left a lot to be solved, with a growing need for safety and an urgency to pathetically satiate his hunger before it got worse. He was already weak as is, he could feel it in the coldness that the sun brought him, and the drowsiness that began to crawl around his thoughts.

The three turn a corner, and Tommy sees the inn a little ways away from the end of the alleyway.

He sighs in relief, grinning at his friends behind him. "Come on let's g- Ranboo!" He exclaims, dropping the box of pastries on the ground as he barely catches the falling teen.

Tubbo yelps in shock, following Tommy to the floor in an instant as he sets the split-haired teen against the wall.

The tallest has a hand over his head, a surprised woah leaving his lips as he tries to shake off his drowsiness.

“What the hell, man!” Tubbo says, “Are you alright?”

The brunette checks over the green eyed boy, looking for any sign of injury on his lanky frame.

Tommy fumbles through his backpack all the while, taking out a bottle of water to offer Ranboo, who tries to play off the incident. “Sorry, don’t know what happened back there.”

He gingerly takes the beverage from the blonde, gulping down the drink and huffing on the ground. “It was like- all the blood just... rushed to my head for a moment, might just be the stress. Or like heatstroke” He tries to joke.

It unfortunately doesn’t land as they’re absorbed by the strangeness of the situation. Tommy is honestly unconvinced by either of his reasoning, and as he caters to a disoriented Ranboo, he can’t help but feel like the atmosphere has shifted in the damp alleyway.

There was something so strange about Ranboo’s sudden collapse, and the blonde finds himself tuning out his two friends as he listens in on the environment around them.

It’s a particularly cold night, and in the whistle of the wind, Tommy swears it almost sounds like music.

Tommy’s chest tightens as he feels something settle, a familiar longing doubling in strength and manifesting in a bout of warmth. He’s suddenly all too alert, fatigue washing away for the briefest moments.

They weren’t safe, out in the open as the evening crawled over the horizon, that was for sure. They couldn’t stay here any longer.

“Come on, we’ve got to go.” He starts, turning back to his two friends. “We can lift Boob boy up and walk the rest of the way, right Tubs?”

The brunette in question nods, and they all but heave a queasy Ranboo to a standing position.

All is well for all of two seconds, before the older teen immediately collapses back down, taking the two others down with him, sinking his head in both hands with a hiss.

He grunts, pain clear in the way he curls into himself, and Tommy doesn’t know what to do.

“Oh shit, Tommy. What do we do? ”

The blonde drags a nervous hand through his hair, antsy in his gestures as he looks around for a solution.

“I don’t know, do you see anything around?” He asks, already knowing the answer but asking nonetheless.

Tubbo turns away from the two in a brief scan of the area, before looking back with a panicked shake of the head.

They had nothing. *Shit.*

They weren’t gonna be able to carry Ranboo the rest of the way, he was significantly larger than both teens, and although they could have possibly managed with the teamwork strat a couple months prior, Tommy is still regrettably frail.

The young vampire bit his lip, helplessly looking back at a frantic Tubbo, before turning back to the light at the end of the alley.

A faint scent fills his nostrils, and the blonde scrunches his face as he tries to recall its familiarity.

He does a double take.

With break neck speed, Tommy looks back at the older brunette, and his eyes widen.

Scarlet beads begin to drip from the shorter's nose, falling like a leaky faucet before quickly escalating into a trail that runs down the bottom half of his face in a stream.

Tommy jumps to action, pulling off his dirtied bandana and pushing it against the boy's nose.

"Shit, Tubbo,, you're bleeding!" He shouts, and Tubbo flails as he tilts his head up.

Whatever panic he initially had was multiplied by a thousand, with both his friends incapacitated for whatever reason.

He's scrambling, not sure what to do with a bleeding Tubbo and a Ranboo with a killer headache.

He rearranges them against the crusty alley walls, and as he stands up away from the scene, he curses at the fact that they're back at square one.

He pointedly ignores the sweet smell that wafts from Tubbo's bleeding nose, kicking down his desire in favor of its foul memory. It's difficult, and his stomach grumbles at the sight of his bleeding friend. It makes him sick, and he turns around to lightly slam his head against the pavement.

“What the fuck!” He yells, kicking the wall in frustration. He can’t make out Tubbo’s mumbling behind the bandana blocking up his nose, and he’s at a loss as he crowds himself against the wall.

He doesn’t know if he can trust himself around them, and he warns himself in his head as they groan on the ground behind him.

Something was *definitely* going on, and Tommy had an itching feeling it might have something to do with the exact problem they were running from, if the package had anything to say about it.

He’s left with little time to ponder however, when two twin shouts of pain echo behind him.

Tommy quickly turns back to his hunched over best friends, running over in spite of his previous hesitations.

The two are crumpled on the ground, groaning, and when he rolls them over on their backs, Tommy barely restrains a scream.

Red stains the whites of their eyes to varying degrees, the color slowly spreading in their scleras. The sight horrifies the blonde as his friends groan in pain, and the thirst within him is overshadowed by the grief that strikes him.

“What the fuck!” He sobs, “What the hell is going on? Make it stop!”

Tommy sits uselessly on his heels as he bides for a solution he will not get, tears beginning to fall down his face. This was clearly not a normal occurrence, and an icy fear crawls up his spine as he realizes what this might mean.

The crowd, the pastries, now this. His whole day was going to shit and of *course* it was them, it always fucking is.

And they're being smug about it, he bets.

He needs to help his friends, but he knows that he can't stop this on his own, and he knows exactly what they're waiting for.

Tommy feels his distraught twist into a tearful anger, and the only thing he can do is bite down on his fist as he hovers over the writhing pair of humans he cared for so dearly.

"You motherfuckers!" He looks up, yelling into the empty air, "Leave them alone!"

His already dry throat aches as he yowls, but he continues on anyways, desperately berating the wind.

"Stop fucking doing this, stop hurting them!"

The evening winds are silent, and Tommy wonders if anyone is even really there. It hurts to see the two in pain, plagued by some unseen force that forces crimson to flower in their eyes.

It's a harrowing sight, and Tommy all but wails as they shake in agony.

"Don't do this, you can't—" He hiccups, "*please*"

The blonde's voice is softened in his desperation, strong emotions bordering the line of defeat as he cries over his two friends.

Suddenly, the writhing stops, and the two go slack.

For the briefest moment, Tommy thinks they might be dead, but as he feels his heart about to shatter, Tubbo gasps.

He rises with a cough, disoriented as he looks at Tommy with blood smeared on his face. The brunette wipes away at his nose, and the shaky teen can only close his eyes in relief. Ranboo groans on his place on the floor, the searing migraine leaving him as soon as it had come. Tommy smiles through a blur of tears, but he knows that they were far from safe.

If anything, their situation became all the more dire.

There is the distinct sound of feet meeting pavement behind him, and the blonde turns just in time to see Phil touch down on the shoddy pavement from somewhere up above.

He lands gracefully on the ground in front of them, an eerily calm smile gracing his lips as two others drop to stand behind him.

The older blonde has his hands behind his back, and though his expression is not particularly telling of how he feels, the one's on the other two behind him say more than enough.

Wilbur isn't smiling like he usually is, which is nothing less than an eerie sight as he lacks the playfulness he often uses to his advantage.

It's unsettling, because even when feeling particularly homicidal, the man always had a sly grin on his face. He always smirked, always mocked, always teased, but right now, he only stares. He stares at Tommy without a single word coming out of his mouth, and his eyes are trained on him as if he's the only thing of interest in that whole alley.

Without even a single blink, he traps the young blonde in his watchful eyes as if he'll disappear when he looks away. It's an uncannily possessive gaze, and it sends shivers down Tommy's spine.

The pinkette next to him isn't any better. Technoblade hosts a menacing glare, an aura of bloodthirst and violence leaving him in waves in spite of his nonchalant appearance. Fortunately, or unfortunately, depending on how you looked at it, the dangerous gaze is not directed at him.

Rather, the angry red eyes are trained at the recovering teens behind him.

Tommy swiftly blocks his sight of them by rising up, beckoning his friends to stand before gathering them behind him.

He musters up the best glare he can give, regardless of how nonthreatening it is in comparison, and backs up away from the three vampires while he stands between them and the humans behind him.

They step forward. Tommy takes a step back.

Each attempt at closing the distance leads Tommy and his best friends further back into the small access. The box of pastries lays ruined on the floor, and his backpack ruefully abandoned in favor of a tense staring contest between him and his captors.

The young vampire gulps nervously as they reach a stand still, harmless threats coming in shouts. "Stay back!" He cries, holding the hands of Tubbo and Ranboo tightly in their approach.

The three imposing figures ignore his warning, taking a step forward again.

Wilbur's unwavering stare is broken as his foot meets the desecrated box, and both sides pause as he does.

The tall brunette gingerly picks up the package, inspecting it, before turning to Tommy with a grin he hadn't seen all night.

“Niki’s a sweetheart, isn’t she?” He remarks, “Quite rude of you not to enjoy the pastries she made, we made sure to leave a note and everything.”

“Yeah,” Tommy hisses sarcastically, pushing his friends and himself back further. “she was *nice.*”

“An old friend of yours, I presume?” He continues, as he looks back at Tubbo and Ranboo behind him.

Tubbo returns a look warily, and by the constipated look on Ranboo’s face, it was clear at that point that they were all struggling to find an out.

Nervous couldn’t even begin to describe how they were feeling at the moment, and Tommy wants nothing more than to comfort the cowering teenagers behind him.

He isn’t sure if other vampires can sense how he’s feeling, or if Phil is just really perceptive, but the man takes notice of his diverted attention, and from the looks of it is far from pleased. He lets out a sharp cough, causing the younger blonde to snap his head back in their direction, taking notice of the possessive glint that shines in the older eyes.

He quirks a brow, and urges Wilbur to continue the thought.

The brunette in question snickers, like the fucker he is. “Ah yes, an.. *Old* friend indeed. Been friends for *years*.

Asked her if she could keep an eye out for my little brother and his friends. What can I say? She's always been good with kids.”

Tommy bares his teeth at the older man, “I’m not your fuckin brother, bitch. Nor am I a child.”

Willbur only tsks in response, and the blonde can barely conceal his fear under spiteful anger.

“What the hell do you want?” He asks, as they reach the back end of the alleyway. Their backs to the literal wall, their only option left being to turn the corner back to where they came from. However something tells them that taking that route would only spell disaster for the three.

So, they still where they stand, finally reaching a complete stop as they warily eye the vampires before them.

Phil laughs, tilting his head. “Oh, Toms, we’re just here to take you home.”

In a flash of movement, Tommy is violently tugged away from Tubbo and Ranboo, firm hands wrapping around him as he’s taken away.

“Tommy!” Tubbo screams, hands outstretched as Ranboo reluctantly pulls him back.

The blonde in question finds himself in the secure embrace of Technoblade, who looks down at him intently as he begins to thrash. “No!” He protests, struggling against the restraining appendages as he looks back at his two companions.

His struggling is a bit more effective now, but still just as fruitless as Techno pulls him closer to his chest, arms barely budging at the teen’s incessant wriggling.

In the corner of his eyes, he sees Phil shift towards his wailing friends, the two too blinded by their concern for the young vampire to notice the approaching threat.

A rush of fearful adrenaline spikes within the blonde, a flashing image of mangled bodies crossing his mind and prompting him to struggle harder.

He feels himself exhaust all the strength he has left as he squirms, unrestrained screams and curses leaving his mouth in heaps. He is a bundle of anger and fear tied in one, and there's a strange, unnatural heat that fills his veins instead of its usual, exhausted cold.

The cold night feels smoldering for the briefest moments, his skin hot where Techno keeps him still, and the teen is more than surprised when Techno's grip suddenly loosens.

"Don't fucking *touch* them!" He rasps, and he stumbles towards his sire in front of him.

The man barely slows in his approach, walking with intent unacceptable to the young boy.

He barely realizes he's hyperventilating, the sudden burst of energy dying down from moments prior.

Tommy chases after Phil regardless, grabbing the man's cloak as the elder stops in his tracks.

The younger heaves and heaves, unsure why the other two vampires don't seem to be stopping him. The warmth leaves him in a disorienting flicker, making him sick to his stomach.

He can't kill them, he won't let him. He can't he can't he can't-

All at once he's plagued by a strange fatigue, and he can't even choke up a word as black dots dance around his vision.

He sways, as his legs give out beneath him, and he faintly hears shouts of concern within a darkened haze.

Pale lashes flutter open, taking in the sight of Phil's surprised expression.

Voices call out his name, and he's jostled into wakefulness once more by a concerned Ranboo.

Holding him close are his two roommates, who presumably ran over to him amidst the confusion. A part of Tommy wants to berate them for being so brash, when the other *things* surrounding them could have easily taken their lives.

Instead, the sickly blonde tries to shake off the nausea, sinking into the embrace of the taller teen.

Their roles are seemingly reversed at the turn of events, Tubbo sitting in front of him protectively as Ranboo uses his height to hide him.

He knows that when it came down to it, it would be all too easy for them to be struck down by the three vamps. However, their sense of self-preservation is clearly overshadowed by their concern for their friend and brother in arms.

The nausea refuses to leave Tommy entirely, and he struggles to be coherent enough to stay grounded in the present.

Tubbo catches sight of an equally concerned gaze that is shared by the coven before them, and the brunette feels an overwhelming amount of confusion and fury at it.

“What’s happening to him? What did you do?” He accuses, ignoring Tommy as he tries to gesture to him to keep his mouth shut.

In his weakened state, Tommy can only put a placating hand on his shoulder, a warning not to provoke them.

However Tubbo was just as stubborn as he was, if not more, and so he glowers indignantly at the men surrounding them, waiting for a response.

Yet another silence follows his accusation, and the smaller teen is getting ready to make more demands when Phil speaks up.

“Has he eaten?”

Tubbo falters, looking down at the rousing teen in Ranboo’s arms. He was, right? He had been eating from the steaks every few hours and seemed fine most of the way here. Tommy insisted that they were enough, so there’s no way that that was the reason.

“Yes, of course he has!” He attests confidently, pale fingers finding the younger’s hand and squeezing.

The coven leader quirks a brow in disbelief, “What has he been eating? Has he been drinking from both of you?”

Tubbo’s eyes flicker briefly to the bag by Wilbur and Techno’s feet, opening his mouth to respond when he’s interrupted, “None of your fuckin’ business, old man.” Tommy shoots back, sitting upright while Ranboo tries to stabilize him. “Get off my case and leave us alone, will you-”

“What. have you. Eaten.” Phil presses.

Tommy offers no response, petty and spiteful as he usually is. It’s a long drawn quiet that the youngest is intent on maintaining, both sides too prideful to do otherwise.

Ranboo takes in the scene, fist tightly curled up as the tension rises. He anticipates, apprehensively, waiting for the rubber band to snap.

Then, there’s a rustle, followed by a growl, and several packaged cuts of meat falling by their feet.

They all turn their attention to a furious Technoblade, who holds Tommy's backpack upturned in the air, his expression deadly in every sense of the word.

It's the most emotion the blonde teen has ever seen in the man, and he can't help but feel like that isn't a good thing.

"Is *this* what you've been fucking eating?"

*Oh shit, he's cursing now, too?*

Tommy stays quiet, shaky eyes refusing to look at the ruined meats around him. He does not confirm nor deny- but his silence speaks for him anyways.

Technoblade is downright fuming, and unbeknownst to him the other two begin to seethe similarly as they realize what the pinkette is implying.

None of them know what to do, and Tommy can only look guiltily as the cat is taken out of the proverbial bag.

"You do realize that the 'blood' in these steaks isn't *actually* blood?" He laughs incredulously, staring down the censurable boy. "You were starving yourself." He states, seriously.

Tommy closes his eyes at this, looking away with a culpable expression.

Ranboo notices the shock lacking in his reaction, and dread rolls over him as he recognizes the look.

Tubbo sputters at the statement, shocked and troubled as Tommy does not respond. He defends them with futility, and although Ranboo hates to leave him to his own devices, he is all but lost to his own trepidation.

“Tommy...Tommy, you knew?” It comes out quietly, and all attention is snapped back to the blonde boy who can only mumble guiltily.

Five pairs of eyes look at him expectantly. “I...I knew that it wasn’t giving me what I needed but-”

“Tommy, no...” Tubbo almost cries, a confused sadness lining his lips.

“I just- I don’t want to hurt anyone, I can’t. I refuse.”

The atmosphere is heavy. There’s a lot to take in.

Tommy had been practically dying the whole way here, and he refused to do anything about it because he didn’t want to be like *them*.

They had just gotten him back, and yet they were unknowingly so close to losing him once more. They didn’t know what to say, or what to do, but the three teens are shaken from their mournful stupor by a crazed laughter.

Wilbur cackles, sharp and poignant as his face twitches. There’s a trademark insanity that radiates from the trench coat wearing man, something sinister, barely restrained within the confines of a forceful grin.

“You stupid fucking child!” He almost shrieks, gloved hands brushing back his hair in disbelief. “You were *killing* yourself because of some childish sense of self righteousness?”

“Nononono, Tommyinnit,” He giggles, shaking his finger. “You don’t get to die for *petty morality*’s sake. You can’t-”

Wilbur paces in the alleyway, jittery in his unhinged state as three horrified teens watch as he absolutely loses it.

“-And you won’t, because I- *we won’t let you.* ” The man has his nails pulling at the skin of his lips, red eyes glowing in the moonlight.

It dawns on Tommy how crazy these vampires really were, and he’s absolutely taken aback by the wild animal of a man in front of him. He’s almost unable to associate the Wilbur he thought he knew with the one standing right in front of him. The dignified, put-together lad that always had something witty to say, and the absolute madman that was falling apart around him.

“You’re not *allowed* to die, because you’re my little brother.” He states, insanely rambling as he continues to spiral. “You’re *my* baby brother- mine! It’s me, and you, and Techno, and Phil. But you’re mine, you hear me? M-”

“Wil,” Phil interjects, “Calm down.” At the command, his mouth snaps shut with a resound click, head bowed as he breathes heavily, and the teens are honestly surprised by how fast the tall brunette complies.

He still looks at Tommy with his crazed eyes, but he keeps his rants to himself upon his father’s warning. Yet Tommy swears he could see the words tumbling through his head.

The trio on the ground unconsciously huddle closer together, and they warily eye the blonde man as he places a calm hand on Wilbur’s shoulder.

He looks at them, “You don’t want him to die, right?”

“Of course not!” Tubbo exclaims.

“Then, this is what will be happening.” the blonde man begins, “We will be taking Tommy back, feed and care for him, and he will never see you again.”

Phil idly twists the rings adorning his fingers, demeanor calm in contrast to such bold assumptions. “He belongs with his own, with his *family*. Rest assured I will raise him to be the promising vampire he is, *and* you will both get to keep your lives, is that not fair?”

“No! No it isn’t.” Ranboo pipes up, tears threatening to drip from his eyes as he stares up at the Angel of Death, “You can’t just...take him away.”

“Oh, but I can!” The man chides, a deceptively warm smile crawling up his face. “And I will.”

There’s a finality in his tone that Tommy despises. He doesn’t want to leave his friends, doesn’t want to live out an eternal life where he can’t be there as they live out their own.

He also knows that for that to happen he cannot die, and the three vampires before him were the only people who could make sure he didn’t. It didn’t help that they were also very possessive, and literally willing to kill to keep him under wraps.

There’s no way he’ll get them to leave them alone, the three far too fixated on the idea of the fucked up definition of family to possibly let Tommy get away.

So, he bargains.

“Phil, please, we can talk about this.” Tommy starts, taking a nervous gulp as he steels himself. “Just- we can make a deal. Call it...borrowed time.” His voice is shaking, hoping desperately that the elder will hear him out.

His words seem to pique Phil's interest, and the vampire lets himself listen to his quivering 'son'.

"I want you to let me stay with Tubbo and Ranboo, and live out the rest of their lives with them. You will not kill or hurt them, and they will *stay* human."

Phil makes a face at the request, and the two sons behind him look just as ready to give a resounding no.

"BUT! But, hear me out-" Tommy pleads, he's aware this is a big ask, but he needs to try, and he knows he can't bear to lose his two best friends so soon.

"Hear me out, okay? I get to do that, but I won't leave Manberg. I swear. I'll-I'll stay with you, and when they've...passed away naturally, I'll be part of your stupid fuckin family."

Phil ponders at that, curiously eyeing the young boy in front of him. "Interesting offer, mate." He says, before approaching the blonde, and leaning down to his level. "But I have to ask, what's stopping me from just- I don't know...killing them now and taking you anyways?"

There's a playfulness that the older man exudes, a challenge hidden under the curtains of his words.

Tommy scowls at the mere idea of his friends getting murdered by the three, and he can barely contain his anger at Phil for even offering that scenario.

"I'll never fucking forgive you." He responds, and Phil only lets out a fond chuckle.

"Eternity is a long time, son. There's much time for forgiveness-"

"-Exactly!" Tommy shouts, grasping at straws to keep his companions alive. "We have a whole eternity left together, what's a couple decades lost when we have all the time after?"

The teen is exasperated, clearly desperate as he continues to plead.

*“Please, I’m begging you, Phil.”*

For all Tommy’s pride, he kneels down in front of him, escaping the warm hold of Tubbo and Ranboo as he begs at his feet.

The two are speechless at the display, and they can’t help but feel despondent, watching the blonde sign his life away for a temporary chance of normalcy.

Phil stares at the young vampire’s hunched over back, expression unreadable as he hovers above him.

The alleyway is dead silent once again, except for the beating hearts and heavy breathing of Tubbo and Ranboo. Something naturally so quiet seeming so loud in the presence of four undead.

The wind whistles, and distantly, a crow caws.

“And you’ll eat?” The question hangs in the air, and Tommy takes a moment to process the question before realizing this is his chance.

“Yes, I’ll eat. I’ll do whatever, I’ll be your goddamn son- just... let me have a couple of decades.”

There’s a pause, and Tommy thinks for a moment that he might be done for, that he’ll have to disappear and cut ties with his best friends forever-

“Okay,” Phil agrees, a dark smile decorating his pale face, “Sounds like you have a deal.”

*Tommy should be thankful that he got what he asked for, that his wishes were granted. However, he knows that there is no celebration to be had.*

*Because ultimately,*

*He has already lost.*

## Chapter End Notes

This chapter was longer than I anticipated (over 5k words)--anyways!!! again I hope you like this chapter and stay tuned for what happens next \*wiggles eyebrows\* I spedran this like hell so if you saw any typos, no you didnt (/lh)

More exposition may be coming soon but the end is also slowly approaching! (unless I change my mind and think of more to do with this ig) Things are going down in tomato town and additional tags may be coming soon...

Anyways, feel free to scream at me in the comments and see ya next update! :]

# Chapter 9

## Chapter Summary

Bets are made and a timer begins

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Wilbur is seething when they get back to the Mansion. The three vampires had just quickly secured a home nearby for the teenage trio, hours after their initial confrontation. Leaving after making sure to list a number of threats for if they were to drop out of their end of the deal.

The three teens then scampered off as soon as they could, and Wil was more than reluctant to just- let Tommy go.

Anger rose in him with each step the blonde took away from them, as he disappeared into the confines of the coven-owned living space.

It wasn't that they were gone for good or anything, considering the place they had them stay in was meant to make it easy to keep them monitored at all times.

What? They were expected to let them live together in peace, but that didn't mean they couldn't drop by whenever they wanted.

They still expected Tommy to spend some quality time with his family after all.

Regardless, Wilbur was still generally unhappy with the deal. He disagrees with the terms they set, or more honestly disagreed with the trade overall.

It was unfair. Who were the two humans to make demands when his family could easily just take him no questions asked? Who were they to share Tommy with when he so clearly belonged with his own kin?

It was absurd, and Wilbur made his opinions clear through his brooding on the whole way back to their home.

It was the closest thing to a tantrum you would see in an adult vampire, and as much as Techno liked to roll his eyes at the display, Wilbur knew that he wasn't particularly keen on Phil's decision either.

But they weren't going to just question their father's choices, as much as they disagreed. At least, not openly.

They respected him far too much to voice out their objections, but that didn't mean their subconscious didn't doubt him at least a little bit.

Even then, the tall brunette was filling to the brim with irritation, and like the emotionally unstable maniac he is, he redirects his anger instead of dispelling it.

He recalls the exchange in vivid detail. They had been so close, Tommy was in their hands, secure in the presence of his rightful family...

But then Technoblade let go.

Technoblade, his pig-brained brother, had somehow loosened his grip enough for Tommy to slip through, and thus allowed him to intervene in the disposal of the human garbage he called friends.

The two were the biggest nuisances they had ever come to face in the pursuit of a complete family. And yet they failed to dispatch them even when given the chance.

He was frustrated, and ticked off, tired of all the formalities he had to endure in their presence; all the intricacies of kind, yet mysterious friend, Mr. Soot.

Don't get him wrong, he was always a fan of the dramatics, but at this point the bit had gotten stale, and he would very much like to move on to act two.

He and Technoblade find themselves seated on the couch as Phil prepares some tea in the other room, and after a few moments of silence, Wilbur can't help himself when he whips his head towards him.

The enmity on his face was bitter at best, childish at worst, and Technoblade barely spares a glance at his seething sibling as he flicks through a book.

"You-" The brunette points an accusatory finger, lips drawn into a scowl as the pinkette tries to ignore him. "Why did you let Tommy go?"

The man in question raises an incredulous brow, lowering his book to his lap as he responds to Wilbur with an otherwise deadpan expression.

"Don't look at me like that!" The Siren hisses, "You know what I mean. I saw you do it, so why did you?"

Technoblade merely musters a sigh at the other's outburst, annoyed more than anything at the brunette's menacing snarl.

Sometimes, he forgets that the curly haired vampire was supposedly centuries old, and not, in fact, a literal toddler. It was honestly embarrassing to see him throw a fit like this, considering that he's supposed to be one of the most respected vampires in the whole nation, but he digresses, very unwilling to deal with his bullshit.

He sighs, pulling up the sleeves of his silk shirt, “I was going to wait for Phil to be here to say this but,” He flips over his hands, palms up, presenting them to the younger vampire. “*This*. Is why I let him go.”

Spread across the Blood God’s hands and forearms were an array of healing burn scars. Silky, raw, flesh covering the expanse of his palms, little blisters decorating the length of his arms.

Wilbur is confused at the sight, curiously inspecting the quickly healing wounds. “He...burned you?” He asks, as Techno keeps his hands hovering in the air, scars on display in the large living room.

“Yes, but not through external means.” The pinkette remarks, folding his calloused hands back into his laps. “My clothes were undamaged and they only affected the parts I was restraining the kid with.”

There is a pregnant pause that follows the observation, and Wilbur feels himself sit up in surprise as Technoblade hypothesizes.

“He burned me from the inside out, sort of boiling the blood under my skin...” Technoblade trails off, detailing the moment. “I was more surprised than hurt- but the point is...he can manipulate blood, like Phil.”

Wilbur is filled with a glowing sense of pride at the claim, a sick smile replacing his earlier frown.

He always *knew* his Tommy was special, and this only furthered his belief that the teen would thrive under their guidance.

Then, his mood is quickly soured as he remembers that Tommy wasn’t with them. “See! This is why we should have taken him already.” he grumbles, his whining interrupted by an amused Phil, who enters gracefully through the doorway.

“Doubting me already, Wil?” He bemuses, setting down a tray of tea as he sits parallel to them.

The brunette bows his head in turn, not wanting to upset the older vampire. “I’ll have you know that the deal benefits us more than it does them.” He smiles.

Wilbur shoots up at the statement, “How so?”

His father exhales through his nose, toying with the teaspoon in his hands as he gazes back at the brunette’s intent stare. He smiles a sly smile, enamored by a thought.

“It’s simple, really,” He quips, licking sharp canines as his eyes gleam with connivance. His small, mischievous smirk grows into a devilish grin. “Because, tell me, is there anything more shattering than watching helplessly as you slowly lose everything?”

Wilbur’s eyes widen, melting into pleased squints as he beams at the statement. Phil always had a plan, wise as any immortal could be, and the musician almost berates himself for assuming any less.

Phil lounges in his chair, a certain fondness bleeding into his relaxed posture. If anyone were to understand mortality and all its feebleties, it would be the Angel of Death.

“His tethers to humanity will fall away with time,” The blonde speaks with conviction, quoting a prophecy of his own making.

“-and when he comes to us broken, we will be able to pick up the pieces.”

Sinister chatter fades into the late evening, throwaway predictions riding in the wind.

In its stead, the sun crawls up the sharp incline of dawn, and three boys rise to face an unfathomable uncertainty.

Tommy wakes up in a twist of silken sheets, shrouded in the bright darkness of a heavily curtained room.

He sits up with a sigh. The pristine walls are a sight for sore eyes, and he can't help but dismay at the luxurious abode he finds himself in.

It reminds him too much of when he woke up the first time after being turned, reminds him now that he was just back where he started. Not literally, of course, since the grandiose mansion was still a little ways away from this bigger-than-average house, but in a way that he was trapped once again.

It was naive of him to think escape would be easy or even entirely possible, but it still stung nonetheless, to know that all his efforts were for nothing.

Well, not for *nothing*. He was able to get back to his friends in the end after all.

However, the reassurance itself is bittersweet at best, knowing what he had exchanged for something that was ultimately temporary.

Yet, he can't get himself to feel an ounce of regret. Ignoring the impending existential dread of watching your friends die without you, he knew he would rather have that than to let them die off one day without his knowledge.

At least now, he can do whatever he can to assure their longevity. He can make sure that they get to live as long as they wish to, without fear, but also without having to bear the burden of immortality.

At the thought of Tubbo and Ranboo, he steps out of cushioned sheets to go find them.

Carefully folded garments sit on a bedside drawer, and as much as Tommy hates the thought of accepting the gifts of the people who did this to him, he thinks that the implications of rejecting it is more trouble than it's worth.

So, he pulls on the opulent home-wear and heads out into the dining room.

Looking in from the doorway, Ranboo and Tubbo are comfortably seated at a large oval table in its center, two plates of flaky pastries set in front of them. They're dressed in the same clothes from the night before, and *of course* the bastards didn't care to give them any clothes as well.

It was a ridiculously immature statement of their disapproval for them, and Tommy wonders how the three most arguably powerful creatures in the country could be so pissy.

The blonde settles in the chair in front of them, and Tubbo gingerly pushes a glass of a swirling red beverage into his hands.

"Phil dropped by a little bit ago and said he'd let you eat breakfast with us today," He states, with an encouraging smile. It's clear that he's trying to be supportive, the look in his eyes assuring him that his new eating habits didn't necessarily bother him, "Though he expects you to spend dinner at their's."

Tommy is only mildly unsettled by the fact that Phil had been here, alone with his two very human, and very squishy friends, without him being present. But the blonde pushes his apprehensions down as he recalls their deal.

He didn't necessarily trust them, he isn't that stupid, but that doesn't mean he isn't really hanging onto the idea that they'll be honorable enough to stay true to the agreement.

It also slightly bothers him how things are playing out, feeling like he's in the midst of the oddest custody battle he's ever been in. Which is even stranger considering he never even had parents.

Ranboo's groggy visage greets him good morning, a piece of bread shoved in his mouth, and with a brief hesitation, Tommy then downs the glass of blood.

He tries to ignore the incessant voice in his head that demands he savor it, deciding not to linger on the delectable flavor that trails down his throat, slamming down the glass when he's finished.

He downed it in one go in an attempt to preserve his own sanity, really, not wanting to think about the poor sod they had gotten this from, or how much better he felt immediately after the fact.

The blonde waves off the concerned looks of surprise his friends shoot him, opting to wipe away the remnants of blood on his lips.

After what feels like a couple of seconds of silence, Ranboo seems to burst out into a fit of snickers, finding a sliver of humor in the absurdity of the situation.

Tubbo and Tommy quickly find themselves following in suit, lighthearted smiles brightening up the room. It's a domestic scene he hasn't experienced in a while, and the simple happiness he finds in it fills him with a breezy contentment.

What follows is a serene silence, something that wasn't commonly found between the three street rats. The air was usually full of loud chatter and laughter, but there was something about the moment that let them find comfort in the quiet.

The gentle breathing of the two human teens at the table flooded Tommy's senses like an autumn breeze, feeling like the natural flight of a falling leaf. He lets their life flutter around the quaint dining room, and the blonde finds himself longing for the one thing he can never get back.

He takes his hands off the empty glass, setting them gently on the table. Tommy stares at the thin, red layer that lines the glass, and the content smile that lines his own features becomes small; melancholic.

The jovial atmosphere wisps away in a moment, and the picturesque scene they make is carefully shattered by an unrelenting reality.

No one speaks on it, but the mood is dutifully soured by a sully of doubts that coat the morning.

They keep trying to pretend everything is normal, that everything is as it used to be. And in moments like these, it's easy to fall into the facade as a means to cope.

No matter how many times either of the teens try to remind themselves otherwise, they are irrevocably drawn to the fantasy of another present. They find themselves leaning into the fragile delusions, but in spite of their efforts, nothing deters this seemingly non-stop course into the unknown.

Nothing is right, and nothing will be. Because vampirism has no cure, and neither does 'crazy-stalker-wannabe-family' *apparently*.

Tommy was a monster, a bloodfeasting, murderer that would never die a natural death. Tubbo and Ranboo would have to tackle the challenges of human mortality all without their best friend, and Tommy would have to ensure they never fall to his same fate. He couldn't allow it.

Upon his twisted expression, the blonde feels warm hands enveloping his own, colder ones. Rosy fingers squeeze his own tightly, another toying with the cool digits in an act of reassurance.

There's a sadness in the two's eyes that contrast their determined smiles. It's a promise, a promise to try, a promise to stay until they no longer can.

No words are really exchanged at the moment, there was time for that later anyways. Nonetheless, no words need to be said for Tommy to understand the looks they share. They

swear they'll make the most of the time given to them, keep him grounded, keep him sane in spite of the overwhelming uncertainty.

The young vampire was feeling painfully fragile, everything he lived by and for being scrutinized by time. He didn't like how it often felt like he was on the crux of something bigger than him, and no one can say for sure how he'll fare against the tides of time.

Tommy begins to fear a day where he cracks under all the pressure.

He can only hope they'll be there to pick up the pieces if he does.

#### Chapter End Notes

Im on a roll BABYYYY- look at all them updates HAHAH ANyways, some p emotional stuff is coming soon in our last (maybe? idk) 3 upcoming chapters.

Hope you're ready and as I've continued to say, hope you enjoy the fic so far!

ALSO- how would yall feel about a dark sbi oneshot book 🤔🤔🤔

(By the way! You can find me in tumblr under the same username. I don't actually use it much, but you can message me on there if you ever feel like talking about fics and stuff heehe)

See you next update!

# Chapter 10

## Chapter Summary

Time waits for no one.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Months pass by, and Tommy maintains a kind of back and forth between the two humans and the three vampires. Things start off as if nothing has really changed,

aside from the recurring feeling of being a kid to divorced parents that share custody.

He spends a lot of his time reluctantly leaning into his vampiric needs, where the coven urges him to learn to feed on his own.

They try to teach him how to hunt, try to teach him to utilize the abilities he apparently developed as one of them. However Tommy draws a line close to himself, refusing to even consider the more sadistic methods they seem to have adapted as a coven.

The idea of such continues to make him sick, and he believes that at this point it always will. An overarching guilt follows him each time he sinks his teeth into another human being, but he's at least somewhat comforted by the fact that he's never killed any of them yet.

You could say he's proud of himself, even, almost a master at ignoring the malicious instincts that had manifested during his turning. Overall, he does a good job at brushing off the vampires' attempts at coercion. For the most part.

The teen shudders at a memory. He remembers when Wilbur had purposefully pissed him off. The brunette taunting and poking at him, insulting his friends and egging him on.

It was a scheme that Tommy fell for far too easily, naive as he was, which led to a heated exchange where the boy almost lost himself.

He'll never forget the anger that clouded his vision, or the feeling of searing skin as he gripped the other's wrist tightly.

Wilbur wasn't even angry, or in pain, when everything was said and done. Instead laughing with a satisfied lilt when he assessed the damages, ruffling Tommy's hair before walking away.

The feeling of bubbling skin at his fingertips sent an alluring shock of adrenaline through the young vampire, and he found himself looking down at his fingertips in a mix of awe and disgust.

There was something so electrifying about the experience, but the momentary euphoria is quickly washed away by a growing shame. The destructive ability weighs heavily on his conscience, and Tommy promises himself to keep it under wraps, if only to preserve what little human he had left in him.

As months crawl by into years, the blonde finds it harder and harder to hate the three vampires with the same energy as he used to. The aforementioned group being rather persistent in their coddling.

As much as he hates to admit it, it starts to work a bit. The attempts at domestic bonding wearing him down at each try.

It's almost too easy to forget what they are at times. When Phil tells him tales from his long, long life, showing him trophies and trinkets he's collected over the years as he leads him around the manor halls. He even got to see the paintings under the main stairs that were once covered in cloth, revealing a portrait of the blonde man alongside his two sons.

It was a deceptively happy picture, and Tommy finds himself tracing his fingers across the bumps of dried paint that make their lively, undead faces. His eyes linger on the empty space in the middle of the three, as if they were waiting for someone to fill in the gap.

When Technoblade all but forces Tommy on his shoulders, recounting historical events from his own perspective, and spars with him eagerly, the blonde can almost lose himself in the moment; forgetting that this is the same man that he watched crush a man's windpipe with his bare hands right in front of him. Forgetting his restrictive hold on his sides as he fell victim to the will of these possessive creatures, changing his life forever.

He can almost let the raw betrayal leave his thoughts when Wilbur sings to him with his guitar in hand like they used to in his thieving days. When the taller would entertain him and they would bicker, always ending in the older ruffling his hair fondly amidst indignant shouts.

It's almost too easy to lean into the son and brother they want him to be.

Keyword being almost.

Ranboo and Tubbo bring him back to earth each time, catching him at every slip, and Tommy couldn't be more thankful.

They truly are his final anchors to his fading humanity, because they all know too well how impressionable the blonde can be. Especially now, that the instincts ingrained in him croon at the presence of the vampires, practically chanting 'family' within the confines of his own head.

More often than not he'll spend some nights in the embrace of his two closest friends, trying to process the feelings that unwillingly stir within him, being reminded to stay strong in spite of himself.

Otherwise, they spend time together as much as they once did. They still share everything, their time, their food, their clothes. It's as if nothing really has changed, besides the fact that one of them is now a vampire, and they no longer have to steal to survive.

Some part of them would say this was an upgrade even, but they also have to live under the constant scrutiny of three vampires, constantly afraid of making the wrong move.

Furthermore, the deal haunts Tommy, mocking him in the most random of moments. Uncertainty taints his fitful slumbers, and sometimes he'll look into his friend's eyes and be reminded of the dark eventuality chasing after them.

Tommy knows that he'd have to watch as his friends grew old without him, it was ultimately what he signed up for when he bargained with Phil after all.

But it's easier said than done, and none of his words and promises could truly foresee the weight he is forced to experience.

It takes a long time for it to sink in, age gradual in its approach. It's completely subtle in the beginning, and Tommy barely realises that aging has become unfamiliar to him, at least for the first couple of years.

They're all around twenty, but aside from Tubbo getting a little taller (albeit still shorter than Tommy), and Ranboo just getting even bigger like the freak of nature he is, they're still as youthful as ever. Emotionally, he grows with them, and thus their developing maturity comes as no surprise, and is even shared.

The two get older, but the differences between them are yet to be evident, and Tommy merely remains the youngest friend as he always was.

Then, all of a sudden, ten years come and go and the two are twenty seven. And technically, so is he, but it slowly starts to sink in that he's lagging behind. Because even if their relationships with each other are left unchanged, it's strange to see how the world moves on without him. How his juvenile appearance is constant in spite of the passage of time.

Tubbo is no longer the small boy he once was, and has ostensibly grown into his features. The baby fat that filled in the spaces in his cheeks fall away, and although his eyes hold the same mischievous gleam he had as a child, it has been mellowed as he matures into a man.

The brunette is barely shorter than Tommy, now. He keeps his hair closely cropped by his ears as he always did, and he is often found wearing light colored jumpers and baggy sweatpants.

It's almost uncanny how little has changed about him as he grew into an adult, almost as if they took him from ten years ago and just- made him larger.

Make no mistake however, as in spite of his affinity for pastels, he is no less handy as he always was. Tubbo opens up a small repair shop in the marketplace alongside Ranboo, biding his time in fixing up anything from watches to microwaves.

Tommy often finds himself sitting by as he watches him work, helping out in any way he can, from lifting heavy things for him to going out on errands. He makes himself useful, or equally hindering when he fucks with the shorter man.

Ranboo changes significantly as well, growing lean throughout the past ten years. He's still freakishly tall and somewhat gangly, carrying with him a lingering awkwardness. But the teen rises to become an upstanding man, more confident and sure of himself than he once was, and he matures just like the rest of him.

His humor stays the same, and much like the other two they all indulge into enjoyable bits every chance they get.

They've all grown up, and Tommy can't seem to ignore the envy that sullies his laughter when a woman asks if he's their younger brother.

Phil tells him he'll age physically, slowly but surely, until he eventually stops when he looks about twenty one. The finality leaves a bitter taste in his mouth, and he can only wonder how ten years have come and gone so quickly.

He tries to ignore the sadness that bubbles in his chest, but the universe seems determined to remind him that their time is running out at every turn. Because after brothers, he is soon

enough mistaken as their nephew.

They all reach their thirties, and while hints of smile lines grow on Tubbo and Ranboo's cheeks, Tommy barely looks a day over seventeen.

Tubbo grows a stubble, while Ranboo starts growing plants in the garden out back. The former's hair is slightly grown out, long enough to be pulled into a small nub of a ponytail. Tommy and Ranboo put flowers of different kinds in his hair some days, and he would fondly and patiently sit as they did, even when he knew it would be a bitch to get out of his hair later.

Ranboo's split dyed hair has swapped sides for the fun of it, a prank attempt that just stuck after the fact. He continues to keep it short, it's far too easy to make him sweat, he says.

He's awfully sensitive to temperature change nowadays, flip flopping between thin t-shirts and heavy coats on a whim. He's always been the more sickly out of the three, and Tubbo and Tommy are quick to accommodate him when he's down with a fever.

The shorter brunette would make a simple stew, and although Tommy gains no nutrients from regular food anymore, he would never pass up an opportunity to indulge in Tubbo's cooking.

Tommy would play the piano as they hung around the taller's bed, the instrument something he picked up in the company of Wilbur. More often than not he'll play songs as accompaniments to Ranboo's shitty jokes, the feverish man doing his own form of stand-up comedy except from the confines of his bed.

The jokes are corny at best, nonsensical at worst, but Tommy laughs anyways. He and Tubbo laugh and laugh at Ranboo's dogshit sense of humor, something that apparently did not improve over time.

In moments like these, amidst the hovering of his 'future family', he feels nothing but contentment. Doubts and anxieties are mere afterthoughts, and he can't be bothered to care much about how his friends seem to be getting older without him.

But just because he isn't thinking about it, doesn't mean it isn't happening. Tommy knew he was living on borrowed time...

but he didn't think it would begin to run out so soon.

Soon enough, they're all in their forties. At this point, the other two boys are his only benchmark for how old he is, and when they can walk around town, Tommy is often mistaken for a son.

Light wrinkles litter the faces of his friends, like an accumulation of the joy shared between the three throughout the years. Tubbo's hair is lighter now, much less of a vibrant brown. He ditches growing stubble for vanity's sake (it didn't suit him anyways), instead choosing to grow Ranboo's plants when he himself cannot.

Ranboo has natural grays growing into the white side of his hair, and he has long neglected to re-dye the split sides. He almost doesn't have to anymore, as his roots grow out with less color.

His smile is smaller nowadays, and even if they're just as genuine, even if they're just as bright, Tommy can't get himself to look at him when he does.

Ranboo *was* always the more sickly of the three, and Tommy supposes that's how they find themselves here now.

The man in question is bed ridden, shivering slightly underneath a silky duvet as Tubbo sits by his bedside. He has the taller's hand encased in his own, thumbs pressing gently into the backs of his hands.

Tommy, on the other hand, is seated in front of a piano next to his bed. He has his back towards the two others in the room, simply gazing down at the keys in front of him as if they insulted him, shoulders tense.

They've been in this same scenario many times before, as they catered to a sick Ranboo on a sunny morning. However, this time it's different.

The air is solemn, and in spite of the bright rays that peak through curtained windows, it's as if a dark cloud looms over the entire room.

Tommy can almost see flickering visages of the three of them all over, freeze frames of memories they've made in the small space over a course of thirty-or-so years.

A cough erupts somewhere behind him, and the blonde doesn't even have the balls to look. He shuts his eyes tight, knuckles white as he grips the edges of the comfy piano chair. Faint sniffles carry into the wind.

"I-I don't want to say goodbye." Tubbo whispers, and there's a crack at the end as he speaks, a crack in his composure.

A weak laugh follows in reply, strained, resigned. " 'spose all that spaghetti would catch up to me someday, right?"

Tommy can hear the smile in his voice, and he feels his face twist into an ugly expression as he glares down, almost shaking in his seat.

Tubbo chuckles wetly, "Suppose you're right, Ran."

Tommy lets out a bitter laugh, barely restraining himself from punching a wall. There seemed to be a lot of laughter going around with so little to laugh about, and the blonde could only tug harshly at his own hair as he fought back the tears that beat against his skull.

"The fuck will we do without you, boob boy?" He asks, choking down a sob as he speaks harshly, trying to replicate the playful banter they had engaged in hundreds of times before.

It's a pathetic, desperate attempt at avoiding the reality of the moment. Tommy was always one for denial, and if the two notice his attempt at such, they don't say anything about it.

Tubbo watches as Ranboo grins at the blonde that will not look back at him, an acceptance only Ranboo himself knows shining in tired eyes. "Yeah, what'll you guys do without my god tier sense of humor? I'm the funniest person here- in fact, I invented comedy."

Tommy scoffs, finally looking back at the sickly man from where he sits with a raised brow."-Therefore if you are ever funny you owe me around 13 million dollars."

Ranboo is still grinning, pleased with himself, and Tubbo is smiling too. They're all smiling, and the heavy atmosphere of the bedroom is dispelled, if only for a moment, as Tommy rolls his eyes.

"Oh, fuck off!"

Laughter fills the room, and Tommy flashes back to their first morning in this house, in this glorified bird cage.

It's eerily reminiscent of that somber breakfast together, except laughter is deeper now, older, and significantly sadder.

Tommy turns his attention back to the black and white keys, playing a warm tune under a guise of nonchalance, blatantly ignoring the dread that fills in his lungs. He can barely keep down the hiccups, wanting to scream as Ranboo hums along to the song.

Why'd it have to be so soon? Why now? Why *him*?

"Hey, Tommy? Tubbo?" The man in question calls, and Tommy hums in response, while Tubbo looks at him attentively. Neither trust their own voice at the moment, so the blonde

continues to play, silently urging him to continue.

“Take care of each other when I’m gone, would you?”

At the request, Tubbo begins to sob, bringing a frail hand close to his forehead as his tears fall on cozy sheets.

Tommy stills, swallowing. “Of course, big man.” He promises stiffly.

He’s basically buzzing with restrained anger, because he’s angry, oh so angry. Because why did he have to die so young? He’s only forty-two. Why did he have to be so prone to sickness? Why did he have to be so...human?

Tommy hates that it’s just so natural, so easy to explain. He wants something or someone to blame so desperately, wishes he could say this was someone else’s fault just so he could chase after a shred of retribution. He wants to say it’s Phil’s fault, that maybe he, Techno, and Wilbur had something to do with his friend’s untimely demise.

But he knows they don’t, and he knows it’s unfair to use them as a scapegoat for all his problems.

He signed up for this, he dug out this hole and would have to lay in it, but he can’t help but blame them a little anyways.

Maybe it would have been easier to let go if he was still human, maybe he would find comfort in the fact that he’d meet him again in the after life one day.

But he can’t, he can’t do that, because those three will do everything in their power to keep him alive for the rest of eternity, and that thought leaves a acrid taste in his mouth.

This is his worst fear being realized for the first time, watching his friend die while he can do nothing about it, and he hates that he knows this won't be the last.

He feels weak, and almost caves to a selfish part of him that tells him to crawl to Phil and beg him to keep the taller alive, to turn him.

However, thankfully the more logical part of him wins. He knows it's far too late for that, and they had long come to a decision that the two were not to be turned.

They agreed it wasn't worth it. Even if Tubbo and Ranboo were willing to go to the ends of the earth for him and each other, even becoming vampires with him if he so much as asked, Tommy refused to be that selfish.

Immortality wasn't worth it, and the two deserved to die with clean hands, to finally get out of this shit hole and get to paradise, or whatever the fuck happens when you die.

Hesitantly, Tommy begins to play again, continuing from where he left off with a graceful slide of his hands. He lets the music speak for him, stubbornly refusing to cry as Tubbo sobs over a weakening Ranboo.

While Tubbo speaks his I love you's onto Ranboo's resting form, Tommy speaks his through the dancing of his fingers across the keys. The tears build up behind his eyes but do not fall, and he forces himself to stay transfixed on the ivories that remind him so much of the older's hair.

The two refuse to leave his side, all three quietly sinking into the bittersweet notes that hang in the air.

Ranboo passes away peacefully at 2:04 pm that day.

And if Tommy breaks down into a flurry of screams and sobs when he goes, curled in the embrace of an equally hysterical Tubbo,

then that's between them and the walls of that dusty old room.

## Chapter End Notes

I imagine that Tommy plays the up theme during the piano scene-- anyways, Im so sorry for this in advance and I am offering my condolences.

I am especially sorry to every commenter that was painfully optimistic about where this fic was going asjdajsd

I almost made myself cry writing this chap and I hope y'all liked it! See you next update and enjoy (?)

# Chapter 11

## Chapter Summary

3, 2, 1

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

In the days following Ranboo's passing, Tubbo and Tommy mourn.

Surprisingly enough, the three vampires seem to give them space as they grieve, interfering only to offer to pay for the man's funeral expenses.

They provide little comfort beyond simple condolences, a relief to the young vampire that does not want it.

Ranboo is buried in the nearby cemetery, where his headstone is surrounded by an array of alliums that honor his life. The proceedings are only between the two other men, finding solace in one another as their friend is laid to rest.

They cry, they laugh, they tell stories and reminisce. On Wednesday afternoons when the weather is particularly pleasant, they will set down a blanket and eat by his grave. Hanging out as they once did.

During those picnics, Tommy pointedly ignores the empty plot beside Ranboo's, knowing all too well who it was reserved for.

Some days, the blonde will find himself fixated on Tubbo's face, the lines that run deeper as he tires, the dark circles that mark his sleepless nights. He's undeniably human, with the hands of time molding him in an inspired manner.

Tommy thinks that even as a creature of the night, the wonders of humanity are ever so otherworldly to him.

Ranboo was wondrous in life, and Tubbo still is. Tommy finds that there's nothing more novel than how emotion marks their faces even days after the fact. Where Tommy is unchanged, unmarred, even after he bawls, and rages, and screams. There is something to be said about the puffiness after a long cry, the pinching of skin between brows in a fit of anger.

It's a testament to humanity's imperfections, and oh does he miss imperfect.

Tommy was always one to find joy in the grittier side of things, thriving in the bruises and the grime, living off the high of living on the edge.

He wore his scars and scrapes with a smile, taking pride in each sign of survival, victory, and close call. Now, his skin is too clean, too pure.

His arms feel smooth in a way they never could be, in a way he never cared enough for. And when he scratches at his skin or falls flat on his face, he can only stare as his body stitches itself back together with an unforgiving precision.

It erases all traces of indiscretion, covers up the places where he has failed, and Tommy hates it.

He hates that Tubbo changes, that Tubbo scars, that Tubbo must be reminded of his eventual mortality by each wound that bleeds; that scabs, that stings.

He is equal parts fascinated and terrified by the contrast, and he finds himself longing for the vulnerability of human existence, while fearing its implications for his remaining best friend.

Tommy was always clingy, and now that he's one friend down, he only clings harder.

It's absolutely absurd how the world works, how the world has changed for them. Because while in each other's eyes they are old friends, the world sees what they assume to be a father and son.

A 'father and son' that visits the same grave, every week, on the same day. An incomplete family that will sit under a dark umbrella, and eat spaghetti by the final resting place of a brother that was gone too soon.

The schedule is fairly consistent for the first few months, and as they navigate the trail of grief each Wednesday, they allow themselves to fall into routine. Even when they know that the person they go to speak to no longer has the capacity to listen.

Even so, as months become years, routine is bound to fall apart. Schedules become suggestions, and consistency becomes a matter of frequency. Out of no fault of their own, life turns to another chapter.

The world moves on, and so must they.

If you asked Tommy a year following Ranboo's death, he would say it was impossible to move on. Too unbearable not to think of, the man too important to forget.

But fifteen years down the line, he hates to admit that things have changed, that they could not afford to linger and build their lives around one they've lost.

They do not forget, of course, how could they? But the man exists now as a memory, a vague imprint on their lives that is nonetheless important in spite of its abstraction.

Tubbo and Tommy can no longer remember the finer details of his expression, the blemishes and marks that made his skin. They can only envision the general shapes that made his smile, or the discordant echo of his laughter that they may find in the gaps of young teens' teeth.

Ranboo would always be important to them, but when the weight of the present is pressed into their hands, it's sad to say they can no longer manage to see him clearly.

The realization fills Tommy with an existential kind of horror, still not quite able to comprehend the sheer magnitude of forever.

All the little moments that he cherished, all the milestones and tragedy he once swore he would never forget seem insignificant in the grand scheme of things. And if fifteen years is enough to test the permanence of his attachments, even in memory, what is that to say about him when centuries have passed. What will become of him as he walks towards a millennia?

Because what they don't tell you about being a vampire, is that where everything else about you changes, where every fiber of your being is enhanced and modified to be 'better', your memory remains eerily human.

The limits of the people and occurrences you can store in your mind remains almost unchanged, and what memories you do carry with you and which ones are abandoned are left completely up to chance.

That fact terrifies him to no end, because it forces him to understand the three vampires that have cursed him to an eternity shared with them, and makes him question his confidence in his own morality.

The family of vampires are varying degrees of cruel, and equal parts merciless, but he can't help but wonder if time has just made them apathetic; desensitized to the finer consequences of their actions, seemingly unimportant when a moment of cruelty and selfish indulgence means nothing in a cluster of years.

He wonders if he'll be strong enough to maintain the strict standards of morality he set for himself long ago, if he'll live as he thought he always would, or if the tediousness of compassion will send him down a road of no return.

Would he be the same boy he is now, when old societies fall and the world as he knows it is levelled into the ground?

His whole life has been about a raggedy set of teens surviving in the slums of Manburg, as a thief with a sense of justice. Yet it begs the question, who is he, when he undoubtedly outlives this dystopia? Who is he, when he is not shaped by unfortunate circumstance, when what was once an insurmountable obstacle is nothing but temporary inconvenience?

These questions keep him up at night, although he's *always* up at night, nocturnal as he is. He finds that he does not need much sleep, opting to stay awake to catch Tubbo in the mornings, and hang around him till evening, where he departs to meet his vampire needs.

With so much time on his hands and so little to do, he spends a lot of it sleeping for days, hanging out with Tubbo, or contemplating such things. He's never once came to a clear conclusion, but that doesn't stop him from asking.

He's never able to find an answer for himself, but he supposes he would cross that bridge when he gets there.

Tubbo is fifty-seven, and still strong. The older looking man's hair is a grayed brown, and he keeps a patch of his bangs bleached in honor of Ranboo. Tommy often teases him that his hair might fall out if he keeps doing that, and Tubbo flips him off each time.

He's still energetic and boisterous, but time is not entirely merciful and his bones creak all the same. He's a little slower, now, too, a little less eager for strenuous activity.

The brunette long abandoned the repair shop business after his efficiency reached an all time low, opting to turn the place into a flower shop.

He is known as the funny old man in the market square to the nearby kids, and he is both entertaining and kind to all those who come to him.

He tells stories and fairy tales that are unknowingly more real than he makes them out to be, and when people ask about the allium painted on the store's sign, Tubbo smiles and tells them a story about an old friend. He used to flinch back at the name, used to excuse himself at

every mention just to stop himself from sobbing, but now, his name is but a fond reminder of a better time.

Because when his memory fails him and the moments escape his thoughts, Ranboo remains, as an amalgamation of the teens they used to be.

When Tommy is there, he introduces him as his grandson, ignoring the lighthearted glare the blonde would send his way.

Tubbo remains sturdy in such later years, taking good care of himself as per Tommy's request. Though the blonde never once asked him upfront, the brunette is one to take notice of his concerned stares at every cough that escapes him.

Tommy often wonders if Tubbo is bitter, if he blames him for the life they lead. He often thinks he should, because even if they live as they please, the constant surveillance is never unnoticed for long. They are never, and would never be truly free.

Tubbo is fifty-seven and he has never been outside Manburg. He never sees beyond the markets and the slums, and hates the pretension of the upper class cities enough that he almost avoids them entirely.

He never dated, never married, and if you asked him why he would never say a word. Although it goes without saying that Tommy is that why.

It was another thing that weighed heavily on the vampire's conscience, with them cursed under the close discretion of three vampires, by extension the brunette is cursed to have no family of his own.

It feels selfish of Tommy to keep him here, living a half-life contained within the walls of a caged nation, where the thrill of adventure loses its meaning when you know the place like the back of your hand.

Tubbo could traverse the huge area with his eyes closed, forty years meaning something to his muscle memory. However the brunette can never find himself being bitter because of it, could never imagine being angry at Tommy.

Sure, there are moments of longing, but with age comes wisdom, and he assures the blonde that this was *his* decision as well. He fought and risked his life to stay by his side, and the loyalty that fueled he and Ranboo's willingness to sign their lives away, just to be with Tommy until they no longer could, remains as sturdy as the man himself.

The two never seemed to grow apart, even when a decade came to pass. Tommy still sticks to the other's side, talking his ear off on their way to the quaint store. The chaos they brew when together is a constant that seems to persist against the temporality of the world around them.

Tommy makes it a habit to accompany Tubbo every other day, setting out from their shared home to the market square, where they eagerly bond under the bustle of busy streets. He takes his place behind the counter beside Tubbo, all grins and mischief as they mess around in the day.

The place is never really busy, so the two will play games and chat idly as they wait for customers to come by. They didn't mind the quiet days, not really needing to earn money on their own in the first place.

Tommy's permanent predicament meant they were practically set for life, endorsed by one of the most powerful covens in the country. However neither of them were ones for stagnancy, and Tubbo would prefer to have *something* to spend the rest of his days doing.

Tommy walks along the busy streets, umbrella in hand. It's another day to be spent with Tubbo, and although he's a little late, he looks forward to the day ahead of them.

The morning was comfortably cool, cool enough that Tommy decided to sleep in for a couple of hours. It was his favorite kind of weather, and as he makes his way to the flower shop, he thinks it would be a perfect day to visit Ranboo's grave.

It had been a couple months since their last visit, and it wouldn't hurt to check on the the upkeep of alliums that decorated his place of interment

His smile is wistful as he slows down along the worn down roads, taking his time to look around as he continues on. Even if Ranboo died such a long time ago, even if his memories of him are blurred, he doesn't think he'll ever forget how he died.

Tommy hated the slowness of it all, how he was forced to watch as he deteriorated right in front of his eyes. The taller man wilted like a dying flower, but as much as he hated to see him crumble away, there was something so selfishly merciful in the way he went.

They were allowed to let him go, to release his hand and let him leave. Not everyone is as lucky, and Tommy had exhausted a lot of luck by the tender age of sixteen.

Because sometimes, death is gradual, patient, kind. Other times it is abrupt, cruel, and does not care whether you make it in time.

When Tommy enters the shop, two kindred souls find themselves as they usually did, surrounded by growing spices and lively plants.

Except where there used to be a single heartbeat that stuttered and skipped with the imperfection unique to human kind, now there are none. In its place is the smoke of a fire freshly snuffed out, an imprint of a life recently taken away.

Tubbo was dead.

And Tommy was too late.

He was too  *fucking*  late, and his world shatters around him. He is helpless as he screams, nails digging into unfeeling arms as he shakes the older in disbelief.

Tommy was always one for denial, and no one is there to notice his attempts at such.

Because no matter how much he begs, no matter how much he wails at the feet of a peacefully lifeless Tubbo, he never gets the chance to say goodbye.

He is not granted the luxury of last words, nor is he allowed a final 'I love you'. He gets nothing but a bubbling regret that burns through his cold, dead body.

He curses into the wind, throat raspy as he howls in the empty shop. If only he hadn't slept in, if only he hadn't walked, if only he hadn't paused to reminisce-

His face is pressed into the soft cashmere sweater of his dead friend, tears soaking through the soft fabric as he holds on. He holds on like his life depends on it, ignoring when people gather at the commotion.

He is too busy drowning in his own grief to really care at all, knuckles white while he wraps himself around the lifeless man.

He shouts at anyone that tries to take him away, thrashing and sobbing when Phil comes and picks him up, carrying him from Tubbo in spite of his protests.

He doesn't know when he got here, but he looks up at him with a pained expression and begs him to tell him it isn't true. He slams his palms against his sire's chest and begs for him to tell him Tubbo isn't dead- that he isn't gone.

The man only brings his head into his chest, and Tommy is left to cry openly as he buries a kiss in his hair, the boy unaware of the smile he presses with it.

He thinks something breaks within him as Tubbo's body is taken away, covered in a dark sheet and carried off by a recently arrived Wilbur, who promptly leads them out the busy streets.

The pleasant chill of the morning feels callous where it was once comforting, and he feels smaller than he ever has when he reluctantly sinks into the embrace of a pseudo father.

He's in his fifties for fucks sake, but when he finds himself standing over the graves of his two best friends, shaking and alone, he can't help but feel like he hasn't aged a day over seventeen.

He quivers as he weeps, feeling like a child as he hiccups where he stands. There's something so excruciating about the moment, and he thinks that no amount of foresight could have prepared him for the grief that has come for him.

A part of him considers joining them six-feet-under, to be buried alive and lay alongside the two for a little bit longer. He could rest his head against their cold skin, in spite of the rot that was sure to come. He could take it, and he would, anything to distract him from the fact that he'll have to live in a world without them in it.

Quiet footsteps walk across the grass, and Tommy lets his legs falter, aware of the approaching presence. He can't help but break down as he begins to collapse onto his knees.

Sturdy arms catch him before he hits the ground, keeping him upright against a stoic body. Tommy does not need to look to know that it is Technoblade, and he chooses to accept the silent comfort as he cries, ignoring the tickle of pink hair touching his cheek.

The blonde is destroyed at the thought of his long gone friends, afraid of what that means for him.

He's never felt so alone in his life.

And Tommy, feeling alone and vulnerable, falls easily into the welcoming arms of the sleepy coven.

He moves back into the grandiose mansion, spending his days mourning in the bedroom he first woke up in all those years ago.

The blonde barely has it in him to wake up most days, eating becoming a task too draining for him on others. The three vampires are accommodating the whole time, bringing crimson filled glasses to him whenever they can, and checking up on him with apologetic smiles.

Tommy will often curl into their cold bodies and sob, relishing in what little amenity they provide. He chases after a companionship he has since lost, and craves any semblance of loving touch that he had failed to indulge in before.

He finds this all in the ever presence of the three vampires, the three who are much too willing to give it.

In his anguish, he is left blissfully unaware that he is playing straight into their hands.

He was oblivious to the twin smirks on Wilbur and Phil's faces on the day of the funeral, smug and unapologetic in the face of the younger's suffering.

The latter's vision was far too clouded by tears to see them waiting in the distance, and Technoblade's false nonchalance covered up for them quite enough.

That's not to say that they found joy in his grief, they themselves felt their unbeating hearts twist at the boy's tearful hysteria. However Tubbo's death solidifies Tommy's place in their family, leaving an opening in his heart for them to slither through.

His final tether to humanity is finally cut, and it marks the start of a new beginning for their youngest.

There is a strength to be earned from falling apart, and Phil would say that Tommy was on the road to becoming an excellent vampire, and son.

*Son*, he smiles fondly at the term. His end of the deal was finally fulfilled on that cool, sunny morning, and now Tommy must fulfill his. Phil has *his* son at last. His family is complete, and it fills him with a joy like no other.

Wilbur is equally ecstatic, having his little brother all to himself after begrudgingly sharing him for such a long time. He knows that Technoblade shares the same sentiments despite his overall silence, and the recently completed coven are almost tempted to celebrate their prodigal son's return.

Except they still had to be patient, they still had to let the blonde come to them. Anything too hasty and they would drive him away, and the three were nothing less than willing to wait.

He had a promising future ahead of him, and his family could joyfully admit that they were excited to see the man Tommy would become under their guidance.

The soft immortal is so kind for them, so forgiving when he's attached. He clings to what little he has left, dismissive of his previous apprehensions as he despairs. The blonde is pliable and easily led. It was only a matter of time before he returned to his makers after all.

Tommy is lost without his meaning, and it's tragic that he never gets to know what Tubbo's last thoughts were before a heart attack took his life.

He'll never hear how he called for him as his body failed him, how he tried to keep up for a little bit longer, just until he could arrive.

Try as he did, he was only human, and he could barely muster a gasp as a single tear fell from his eyes while his life flickered like a light.

Because he was just as deprived of final words as Tommy was, and he cries when he realizes he won't be able to say goodbye.

Tubbo will never get to promise Tommy that it'll be alright-  
He never gets to make him promise that he'll be alright without him.

Instead, his eyes flutter shut, and he can only pray that Tommy will be okay.

*We are left to wonder if his final words would have made a difference.*

### Chapter End Notes

You thought I was done? You thought there was a break in between the angst? Well you were WRONG. (Rip tubbster- you will be missed)

Hope this hurt lots! I really wanted to write both a slow, and an abrupt death. So this chapter fulfills the set BAHHA

Also, this fic is quickly coming to a close! So all the sbi enjoyers will be fed very soon, so do look forward to what little I have left in store for y'all ;]] Hope you enjoyed this chap, and see ya next update!

# Epilogue

## Chapter Summary

Blessing/curse

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

People were never very kind to Tommy.

He was loud, impulsive, and far too honest- Too much for some, and absolutely unbearable for others. He often indulged in his own immaturity, unashamed of the child that he was unlike many others his age.

It seemed that even then, the boy held a profound respect for his own mortality. He didn't choose to chase after adulthood and maturity, knowing deep down that the childhood he had now was fleeting, and thus made the most of it.

Even as a parent-less, seemingly loveless child, he shined with a light of optimism in spite of hardy circumstances. He burned and crackled like a fire, chaotic in every way and as naive and impulsive as a child was.

Yet, instead of basking in his brightness, those ungrateful children and snooty townsfolk turned away from it. They grimaced at the unnatural flame of life, lit in the damp depression of lawless slums. They tried to flush it out more often than not, trample the spark under the heel of their boots.

Tommy was a gift amidst their miserable, invalid lives, yet they were too blind to see it. Driven by their hubris, as humans routinely are, and trapped by their own fallibility to norms and traditions that do nothing but keep each other at the bottom of the barrel.

They scramble like crabs, pathetically reaching for luxury and comfort they think they are entitled to, but continue to destroy those who try to save them at the same time. The embodiment of misery enjoying company, he would think bitterly.

Time and time again, they make the same mistakes. He has lived through enough history to see this as true, and it is a fool's game to expect anything different from them.

Weak in both mind and body, they constantly ruin their own chances at progress. They will whine and scream for a better world, but recoil at the mere thought of change.

Out of some foundless idea of superiority, they will persecute innovation, and deafen themselves to those who speak the truth. Thus, it comes as no surprise that places like Manburg continue to exist.

So easy to manipulate, those devious enough will rise and create nations, create kingdoms, and they will make empty promises to desperate people. They will sit on their thrones, divide those of which they govern, and convince them that such is the way of the world.

They then wither from the inside out, and have the *audacity* to beg for salvation. And then, when no one comes, they will wonder why. Even when their brightest lights were the first to be snuffed out by their own hands.

They are undeserving of Tommy, much like that village of religious zealots were undeserving of Techno, or how that prattling city was undeserving of Wil.

Tommy deserved to live above them, untouched by their greedy fingers as he made his mark on the world. He shouldn't have had to walk amongst them, made to feel inferior and *wrong*.

Yet he had been. He was hated by both his peers and those who were meant to raise him, and it made his life in the orphanage significantly harder.

He had to fight to survive in such conditions, and had to fight even harder to escape the pits of despair, refusing to succumb to the conventions they expected him to abide by.

Phil wouldn't say he wished Tommy had a better life, but he does wish he had met him sooner, before the boy had gotten *attached*.

Because what only he seems to understand is that Tommy is more like his brothers than he thinks he is.

Tossed aside, ostracized, and judged simply because they didn't fit into cookie cutter identities, they were all individuals being exploited by humanity's petty vanity.

For creatures that often turned to gods in moments of need, humans seemed to be afflicted by gross god-complexes of their own, deciding for themselves what god wants and dishing the punishments out themselves.

Phil despised mortals and their unabashed hypocrisy.

As one of the original vampires that still continue to roam this earth, he never truly grew to empathize with humankind. Only looking at them with disdain for as long as he remembered.

They were unnecessarily cruel to their own, to the world that provided for them. However he was quick to discover that in spite of that, hope was not lost for *all* of them. Some were deserving of being saved in his eyes.

So far, those deserving being Technoblade, Wilbur, and Tommy.

Phil has had many children beforehand, but none were ever as loyal, never as strong. Whoever and how many they may be, they were irrelevant to the elder vampire, their names long forgotten by the coven leader.

Dead or alive, they did not matter to him. They were either too eager for power, or too pathetic to survive on their own. So Phil would leave them to their own devices, and let them lead themselves to their own ends.

He did love his three *real* children, indisputably, and is inclined to believe that Tommy would not fail him like others have in the past.

A parallel of his other two boys, he was sure that there must be a semblance of hatred for his fellow humans brewed within the blonde. Such antipathy was deserved afterall, considering his history of mistreatment.

However the one thing that set him apart from the rest of his kids, who accepted their vampiric nature with open arms, is that he had been bound. Bound to two others that were enough to convince him that people weren't so bad.

Two boys, Ranboo and Tubbo, that happened to be good enough that Tommy did not grow to hate humanity as much as he should have. Two exceptions, insignificant enough to be a mere patch of freshness in a basket of rotten fruit, but significant enough to be a roadblock between him and his son.

They served to be more of a nuisance than he thought they would be. But they barely mattered now that they're dead.

The engravings on their headstones have long faded, names barely comprehensible atop weathered granite. The site is overcome with overgrowth, and tall alliums stand with rotted bulbs.

They are not forgotten, not quite, but their names have not been spoken in over a century. Their images are but uncertain apparitions, and as such, are priorities of the past.

Manburg too is but a memory, holding nothing but origins of beginnings both new and old. They aren't privy to the current state of the nation, only knowing that its leader was *long* dead.

They've moved on to other places, other lands, and none are necessarily better than the last.

This one in particular reminds them of Tommy's original place of residence, full of dingy alleyways and filthy pavement. There are towering walls that 'protect' the bustling city, in a similar fashion to the piece of shit that Manburg was, and similarly, the place is plagued by misfortune.

In a crowded, busy street, dozens squeeze past each other under the night sky. They move like a single, wriggling shadow, barely illuminated by the lights of open shops.

The moon hangs high in the air, and amidst the chaos of a regular day, boisterous laughter rings amongst the crowd.

A group of men make their way home from a nearby pub, talking among themselves tipsily. They jeer and joke, playfully shoving each other as they walk down the road.

It's mildly disruptive, but ultimately lighthearted, a tall brunette apologetic when he bumps into a stranger as he's pushed around.

The person nods their head, moving past him, and the man turns his attention back to his group.

They're only staying in this city for a couple of days, taking a pitstop in their journey back to their hometown. They decided to make the most out of the mini break, and with all the drinking wrapped up, he was all too eager to drop down on the inn's bed.

His nose is running in his inebriation, and he reaches in his pocket for the tissue he always keeps there. Patting down the space in his jeans, he realises that it's emptier than it was before.

His wallet was missing.

“Shit!” He exclaims, looking around for where he might’ve dropped it.

His three other friends are too drunk to notice he’s lagging behind, and continue to walk ahead, moving alongside the crowd.

The man lets them go, figuring that he’ll just meet back up with them at the inn after a bit, and continues scanning the crowd going back to where they came from.

He peaks over the mass of people, eyebrows furrowed as he searches for it. It's practically useless, doing this, because by now somebody must have taken it, or it's at least been swept along by the rush.

However, just as he’s about to give up, he catches sight of bright red shoes. Eyes trailing upwards from there, he takes note of the red themed attire, before finally ending on a blonde head of hair.

He squints, unnaturally drawn to the golden haired stranger as the distance grows between them. It almost feels like he’s waiting for something to happen, like a feeling of anticipation swirls in his gut.

Then something does.

As if sensing his curious gaze, the blonde turns, revealing bright blue eyes that sparkle with mischief. He smirks cockily, a silent taunt lining his smile, and brings a singular hand up.

The fucker has his wallet.

Swiftly, the stranger starts to run through the crowd, and he can only chase after him on impulse.

It's a struggle to keep track of the lanky thief, and he honestly does not understand how the skinny stranger is keeping up such a ruthless pace.

He pushes and squeezes between people, spewing out half-baked apologies as he trains his eyes on the retreating figure.

It's surprising he hasn't lost him yet, but from the looks of it, the other is enjoying the chase.

The blonde doesn't bother looking back at him anymore, slithering through the crowd with practiced ease. It's almost as if he's dancing through, gracefully ducking and dodging, while the brunette close behind barrels through.

Eventually, their chase leads into a darkened alley, and as much as the red shoed rascal has a lead on him, they also simultaneously reach a dead end.

"Hey!" He starts, huffing with his hands on his knees, "You've got nowhere to go, just give me back my wallet, man."

The man in question quickly turns around with his hands up in surrender, a guilty grin gracing his features.

The standstill the two are at allows him to look at the man more clearly, and he sees that the blonde is humbly dressed in a dark red cardigan over a white shirt, khaki shorts making the lanky teen look even lankier.

He looked only a little over eighteen, and he guesses this is just some stupid teenager shit going on.

He sighs, approaching him and trying to snatch back his wallet.

He reaches out towards it, planning to take it and shove the blonde boy back. He was quite frankly not in the mood to fight, and would more than gladly make a quick getaway once he's been reunited with his possession.

He's caught by surprise however, when the other's empty hand swiftly catches his own, and he looks up to be met with a smile.

The teen grins toothily at him, flashing a set of fangs, and fear crosses over the man's face as his previously blue eyes shine red under the night. His own eyes flicker in recognition, and he freezes.

Wide eyed, he doesn't know what to do, and he can only watch in horror as a searing pain ignites from the blonde's touch.

A burning sensation pulses from the inside, sweat forming at his brow as his blood seems to warm, and his arm numbs for a brief moment. It pretends to be a reprieve, an ending of torture, but it is only followed by excruciating pain; the brunette losing his footing as blisters rise on his skin.

Fluid pushes against tender layers, and the excruciating heat is only made worse by the sound of hissing skin.

He is on his knees, pain forcing out a shout as the boils pop and sizzle, bursting into a mix of blood and nasty swill.

He can barely breathe, the pain quickly becoming too much, and hot tears start to stream down his face in agony.

The human is screaming at this point, sobbing as his wrist is boiled in the man's grasp. He feels sick amidst the tears, bile rising up his throat as the other only grips harder.

His abused skin gives way like flaking protein, and the disgusting stench of burning flesh hangs in the air as the poor man pukes his guts out.

It's a pathetic sight, his face smothered in snot and the crust of tears, traces of vomit lining the sides of his mouth. He begs for his life loudly, red eyes above him apathetic and amused. He wonders why no one minds his cries for help, but when he catches sight of civilians scurrying away as they pass the alleyway, he knows that he is doomed.

It's not that they do not hear him, it's that they simply value their own lives over his own, knowing that it was suicide to interfere.

It isn't their fault, it really isn't, vampires were a force to be reckoned with and he just happened to be the dumbass to reckon with that force. However as he's tortured in the recesses of a run-down alleyway, he can't help but feel a climbing frustration and grief.

He was going to die, die as an indecipherable smear on the wall that everyone will forget about, nothing but food to the foul creature before him.

He was going to die, and he didn't even get to say bye to his friends. He doesn't even have a chance to fight back.

The vampire suddenly drops his wrist from his grasp, and the man can only let it fall limply on the ground, staring in terror at the exposed muscle and mushy fat.

In a haze of pain, he fails to see the intent that flashes in the strange blonde's eyes, and is surprised when he finds himself thrown on his back.

The breath is knocked out of him as he collides with the floor, fearful eyes looking at the thing that hovers above him.

The creature looms with an unreadable stare, his face deprived of a smug smile. He almost looks like any other kid his age, and the man can't help but curse himself for underestimating

his appearance.

The other begins to duck down, and his whole body screams at him to run. His breath quickens, terrified and shallow as the blonde lowers himself closer to him. He is absolutely useless as he cradles his desecrated arm, and he cries as haunting laughter fills his ears.

The boy licks along a fang, a sadistic glee filling his expression once more. Then, he proceeds to roughly grab his face, pale palms pressing into his eyes, while slender fingers dig their nails into the sides of his head.

He is too weak to defend himself, pressing his head back as far as he can but evidently not getting far; he even tries to buck the other off of him, but as strong as vampires are known to be, the monster doesn't budge an inch.

A dreadful pressure begins to build behind his eyes, an unnatural heat clouding his mind. He cannot think, cannot cry any longer, and the strain is quickly becoming unbearable. A white flashing paint overloads his senses, and he can only open his mouth in a silent scream.

The man convulses, thrashing violently under a relentless grip, gurgling as a sickening hiss sings under the moonlight. The sound of dripping begins to follow, and then, the man stills.

With a satisfied grin, the vampire rises to his full height for a moment, looking down at his filthy hands. With a grimace, Tommy wipes the grime on the dead man's coat, smearing the gore on the flimsy cotton; uninterested in the skin and muscle that cling to the webs of his fingers.

His apparent hunger resurfaces after the fact, and he turns his attention back to the corpse below him. With a practiced ease, he tugs the man's head up by the hair, roughly tilting his head. He makes quick work of the stranger and bites down down, gulping the sanguine fluid that escapes his wounds.

He even chews pointlessly at the flesh of his neck, chewing like one would the end of their straw. Tommy lets the flavorful crimson run smoothly down his throat, savoring it briefly before letting the body fall limp on the ground.

He's covered in splatters of blood, and the blonde is left to wonder why Wilbur bothers to keep putting him in light-colored clothes.

Blood runs down his chin in a steady drip, a thin layer of it coating the bottom half of his face. It's a grotesque sight to any other, but to him, it's but a mundane occurrence.

He's had his fill, and is content to just walk away from it all when he hears approaching footsteps.

It's the man's friends, he assumes, coming to his aid all too late. And although he doesn't plan on eating any more today, he does think that it wouldn't hurt to have a little fun before heading home.

There just wasn't anything like the thrill of the chase, the power that simmered under his skin whenever he caught someone.

It thrummed within him, feeling like the beating of a heart he had long lost. It was addictive, euphoric, satisfying, and no matter how wrong it was said to be, he couldn't find it in himself to really care.

He had not felt remotely guilty in years, finding that with enough repetition, pity was barely and afterthought at the fear that would paint their appearance.

Sometimes though, as he traps another unfortunate fellow into his cruel grasp, a part of him will shudder at the violence. He'll recall vague silhouettes of color, recall figures in a hazy fog that say things he does not understand.

They speak through cotton, and Tommy is never able to make out the words. He never pays any mind to the muted voice that insists he remembers something, or to the feeling that urges him to keep an unspoken promise.

He's made a lot of promises throughout his many years of life, and much like most of them, they've come and gone without much of a sound. Fleeting, much like the people that have made them.

Some days he'll ponder who he used to be, think about his childhood and where he came from. He'll look back as far as he can and grasp for the clearest of memories, but a century is a lot of memories and a lot of milestones, and it's quite hard to pick apart a past he has no keepsakes from.

Tommy was never quite for sentimentality, and he wasn't fortunate enough to get pictures taken or keep jewelry. He has no tokens from his time as a human, and he finds that the details of that time are lost to him.

If he did have any, he definitely did not have them on his person, and wherever they are he would never find them, unless he stumbles upon them by chance somewhere down the line.

When he leaves that alleyway, bloodier than it used to be and four bodies less vacant, he'll ponder about what he would've thought of himself a hundred years before.

He wonders if he would look at him the same way some of his midnight snacks would: as a monster, a devil, a sinner.

He shrugs, people change.

Time changes.

She changes things whether you like it or not, molds things to its shape. Time sculpts in a manner more beautiful than any sculptor could ever hope to achieve, and lives a maliciously brilliant existence.

It's as cruel as it is genius, and cares not for the purity you may wish to maintain, or any of the little things for that matter.

We all dangle on her coattail, just going along for the ride. We have no say in where it goes or when it stops, we can only survive and make the most out of the trip.

Time only pursues her own reprieve, the progression of her masterpiece. She doesn't love a single one of us, and as much as it fixes and mends, it also twists and bends you until she's satisfied; until you have played your role in her bigger picture.

You must understand that even immortals are slaves to time, that they do not discover eternity, rather eternity discovers them. They are allowed to live longer than any being should, but they also die more than anyone else.

Think about it, as years usher you forward, newer and newer memories burying your older ones- is there a point where you are a different person entirely?

Like the Ship of Theseus, if every bit of you, every component and attribute that made you- *you* were to be replaced, could you still consider yourself the same person you once were? Or are you *different*, a newborn existence sharing the same consciousness, the same body? A similar shape but separate life, an iteration of the original that barely resembles its predecessor.

We are left to wonder if Tommy is the same boy he once was, if he's still the rambunctious, petty thief at his core. Even when his devotions have found a home in a family he had once refused, when that same devotion had once clung to two boys who have become nothing but two graves in a forgotten city.

Even when he has long crossed the line he swore he would never near, when there is blood on his hands and he does not bat an eye to it. Even when the mortality he once admired becomes inconsequential to him.

We are left to wonder if he was doomed to this fate or blessed by it; if he had been hanging by a thread when Ranboo passed, and finally lost the moment Tubbo died. Perhaps he had lost long ago, the moment he entered those mansion doors sealing his fate.

The fact is that the Tommy of the present is inexplicably changed, and whether or not that means he is a different man because of it is for us to decide.

Nonetheless, he leaves massacres in his wake, making his way home to a loving family.

They will drink in his bloody countenance with pride, and they will joke and bond like most families do.

It's funny to think that the one thing both the mortal and the undying share is the desire for such companionship, merely amplified into a profound possessiveness within some.

It seems to pay off for them, anyways. The four make a picture so morbidly fond, and it's mystifying in the most twisted of ways.

Grudges can only last for so long after all, and any animosity leftover quiets in the strumming of guitar strings; brushed aside by playful banter and swept away by a fatherly embrace.

It's a dark hold that Tommy willingly falls into, welcoming it with open arms when forever becomes evident.

Because you must understand that eternity raises no saints, and that Tommy was never quite fit for pearly white gates.

## Chapter End Notes

And with that, our story comes to a close! I hope you enjoyed this final chapter and the entirety of the story. I was itching to write this ending from like, the very start, and I hope I didn't disappoint!

This fic will be marked as completed, but I do plan on updating this with a little Q & A portion so I can answer all the questions I couldn't before (so I wouldn't spoil anything hehe) Feel free to ask stuff about the world and such, and I'll be happy to answer!

Though there are no real plans for a furthering of this plot, I am probably gonna start a dark sbi/sbi oneshot and request book for fun sometime in the future. And who knows? maybe I'll slip in some snippets of a 'day in the life' of the sleepy coven boyos in there.

Thank y'all again for sticking around, and see you in my next fic (?) HAHA

## **Q&A + Announcement!**

Ok, so before I start this I would like to say that- I lied. I DO have plans for this book HAHAH.

After some consideration, I decided this will be in a kind of two part series?

There were a lot of things I wasn't able to write for this in an attempt to keep this book coherent. I went with a little bit of an introspective/philosophical approach rather than a strictly narrative one, so I didn't have a lot of intimate or mundane scenes to not disturb the flow of the story.

So, to rectify this, I'll be making a sort of sequel for this! Think of this as a kind of origin story preface kind of deal for the next book. The next book will be a kind of anthology looking into specific moments in Tommy's life as a vampire with his family, and maybe some tidbits from when Tubbo and Ranboo are alive as well!

I recognize that some people might have not gotten the interactions they wanted between the SBI and Tommy, and I'd like to satisfy those people with this HAHHA. Ngl I did not expect this book to go down the 'tragic benchtrio' route, but it just did. So yes, look out for that and I'll try and get to it eventually!

Anyways, here are some answers to questions you've left in the previous chapter! Feel free to ask more below and I'll try to fit them in this chap when I get to them.

**1) Are there any character details, plot points, etc that you wished you could have fit in but ended up not jigsawing right?**

There was a lot I didn't end up including in this fic, and I think one of them was the whole fall of Manburg? I had this idea that Tommy ended up killing Schlatt as a sort of scapegoat to all his problems, but decided to keep it vague or implied since I felt that this would warrant its own chapter.

I really tried to maintain an existential focus for Tommy as a kind of character study, so it didn't feel right to just include random events without any real build up.

I also considered including Michael in this fic! But felt it would be a hindrance or complication to the route I was creating for Tommy's character.

I chose not to include the exact moment Tommy went down a dark path either, because I felt that that was a very gradual process and it wouldn't be fair to summarize it at a point with no context or explanation.

**2) Did anything drastic change with some of the characters as you thought about them?**

Well, its not a drastic change, but I actually improvised a lotr with Ranboo's character. Funnily enough, I wasn't really thinking about it much when I began to describe him and went with a humanoid version of his minecraft skin. Then I realised he had a red eye and that didn't make sense, so I just made them both green AHAHHA.

I also ended up making Wilbur a much more unhinged character. I really only thought I would make him possessive, but ended up making that whole breakdown scene since it seemed cool at the time. So, I accidentally gave him batshit insane, whiny spoiled kid vibez.

Additionally, I didn't plan for Phil to be this evil mastermind. But I thought it fit since he had more experience than the other two vamps, and it made sense that he wasn't particular to human empathy since he never really was human.

**3) What happened with Niki? Was she actually a vampire? How did she know Wilbur?**

Yep! I wrote her in as more of a cameo for the story so I didn't really bring her back, but she is, in fact, a vampire. There are a lot of vampires roaming around besides the Sleepy Bois, its just that they aren't privy to interfering with their personal business, considering it would be a mistake to fuck with them.

Niki is a long time friend of Wilbur's (and by long, I mean *long time* ) and the sleepy coven often hangs around her bakery, such bakery being the way she lures her prey. She already knew about Tommy because of Wil's incessant gushing, and so when he told her to keep an eye out for them, she already knew what to look out for.

**4) At what point did Techno particularly latch onto Tommy, given that he hadn't had any emotional connection to him prior to turning him?**

I plan on writing this more in depth one day, but his interest in him started around their first encounter.

Phil and Wilbur had already taken a liking to him, and Technoblade was *supposed* to go undercover as well to befriend him, but was ultimately unable to when Tommy caught him killing all those dudes that one time.

He was amused by Tommy's tactic of throwing bread at him to escape, but wasn't necessarily fond of him until a little before Ranboo died.

They bonded when Tommy would listen to his stories of historical events in awe, and when he began sparring with the kid and he always refused to give up no matter how much he may be struggling. They only got closer when Tubbo died, as he was the only one who could really hide his satisfaction with their passing.

**5) Animal blood, if it were fresh from the animal, would that have sufficed? Or did it have to be human as a whole?**

Although animal blood can work as a temporary substitute, it isn't the best option. Human blood is still much better for vampires due to some differences in their composition.

It's also much more convenient especially since they're guaranteed a meal in crowded or big cities. In comparison to a forest outside their place of residence where amount and size can be unpredictable.

Vampires that feed on animal blood need A LOT of it to survive, and are still significantly weaker than one's that feed on humans. It's also important to note that some vampiric abilities rely on human blood (Techno's)

**6) So, vampires get their blood sucked, but they still have some? Because Techno got impacted by Tommy's blood powers and Phil just casually was able to make a wholeass bowl of blood.**

Yep! Once you're turned, you are slowly drained of your human blood while it's replaced by your sire's blood. The venom exists as a kind of mediator to get your body to accept it, shocking your body alive in time to feed on your sire's blood. It isn't foolproof however and some die in the process.

Basically, Tommy technically died of blood loss when Phil bit him, and they transfused some of his little by little while he was asleep. (not all at once ofc) Think of it as a weird blood dono kinda situation. Phil really just contributed some of his blood little by little, so in summary, the turning process is very very tedious and that's why Tommy was asleep for so long.

**7) What does Tommy's emerald take form as? Is it a necklace for every one of the Sleepy fledglings or no?**

Yes, it is also a necklace! He hides it when he goes out because it's become a kind of trademark of his family, and he doesn't intend on scaring his food away. Rest assured he keeps it on him at all times, though.

**8) Why does being a vampire make Phil that much more of a dילf /j /j**

UH--

**9) What were Techno's powers?**

Basically, Techno's powers are heavily reliant on how much he kills! The more blood he consumes, the stronger and faster he becomes. The only drawback is that he gets a little feral/bestial the more powerful he gets.

Where most vampires are already naturally stronger than humans, Techno can easily get to a point where he can crush a man's head between two fingers if he drinks *a lot* of blood from a lot of people.

He doesn't do it that often though since he likes being able to take his time with such things, and also does not really enjoy the feeling of overeating.

He often uses said ability to just vandalize places with human viscera. He's insanely violent with his kills and takes pride in the messes.

(He's very proud of Tommy's style of killing because of this fact.)

# **Update!**

Hi! Just wanted to drop by to let y'all know that I made a sequel/prequel-ish to this book as per y'alls request! It's somewhat of an episodic style fic that'll delve into Tommy's experiences and memories as and before he was a vampire in reverse chronological order. I've got some plans for this one so I do hope you all take a look! :D

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/32574493/chapters/80801098>

## End Notes

I made a discord server! say hi :] <https://discord.gg/HmgK2dWbyq>

I love this trope sm I s2g- anyways, I decided to portray vampires and the turning process a lil bit differently in this fic. You'll see that the sun is more of a nuisance rather than lethal, and the turning process is a l o t more painful.

More will be expounded in future chapters, but be forewarned that I will be putting Tommy t h r o u g h it. (I'm sorry bro its for the content <3)

I've got some chapters lined up and hopefully I can ty and efficiently schedule updates for both my fics this time. But yeah! Hope y'all enjoy this and feel free to ask me stuff or just generally comment down below.

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